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T. Stothard R.A. del. A. Birrell sculp.

—— while the flow'ry subject he pursues,
A wild delirium round th'assembly flies;
Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes;
Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands;
And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

Baviad line 60.

Published July 15 1797, by J. Wright Piccadilly.

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THE

BAVIAD,

AND

MÆVIAD,

BY

WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

Tota cohors tamen eſt inimica, omneſque manipli
Conſenſu magno officiunt, curabitis, ut ſit
Vindicta gravior quam injuria: dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris Mutinenſis corde Vagellî
Cum duo crura habeas offendere tot caligatos.

A NEW EDITION REVISED.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, OPPOSITE OLD BOND STREET, PICCADILLY.

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TO

JOHN HOPPNER, ESQ. R.A.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

AS A SMALL BUT GRATEFUL MEMORIAL

OF THE

AFFECTIONATE AND FAITHFUL REGARD

OF HIS

MOST OBLIGED FRIEND

AND SERVANT,

London,
July 15, 1797. *THE AUTHOR.*

INTRODUCTION.

IN 1785, a few Engliſh of both ſexes*, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in ſcribbling high-flown panegyrics on themſelves; and complimentary "canzonnettas" on two or three Italians†, who underſtood too little of the language

* Among whom I find the names of Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, Mr. Parſons, &c.

† Mrs. Piozzi has ſince publiſhed a work on what ſhe is pleaſed to call BRITISH SYNONIMES; the better, I ſuppoſe, to enable theſe gentlemen to comprehend her multifarious erudition.

in which they were written, to be diſguſted with them. In this there was not much harm ; nor, indeed, much good : but, as folly is progreſſive, they ſoon wrought themſelves into an opinion that they really deſerved the fine things which were mutually ſaid and ſung of each other.

Though " no one better knows his own houſe" than I the vanity of this woman ; yet the idea of her undertaking ſuch a work had never entered my head ; and I was thunderſtruck when I firſt ſaw it announced. To execute it with any tolerable degree of ſucceſs, required a rare combination of talents, among the leaſt of which may be numbered neatneſs of ſtyle, acuteneſs of perception, and a more than common accuracy of diſcrimination ; and Mrs. Piozzi brought to the taſk, a jargon long ſince become proverbial for its vulgarity, an utter incapability of defining a ſingle term in the language, and juſt as much Latin from a child's Syntax, as ſufficed to expoſe the ignorance ſhe ſo anxiouſly labours to conceal. " If ſuch a one be fit to write on SYNONIMES, ſpeak." Pignotti himſelf laughs in his ſleeve ; and his countrymen, long ſince undeceived, prize the lady's talents at their true worth,

Et centum Tales* curto centuſſe licentur.

* Quere Thrales ? PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Thus perſuaded, they were unwilling their inimitable productions ſhould be confined to the little circle that produced them; they therefore tranſmitted them hither; and, as their friends were enjoined not to ſhew them, they were firſt handed about the town with great aſſiduity, and then ſent to the preſs.

A ſhort time before the period we ſpeak of, a knot of fantastic coxcombs had ſet up a daily paper called the WORLD *. It was perfectly unintelligible, and therefore much read: it was equally laviſh of praiſe and abuſe, (praiſe of what appeared in its own columns, and abuſe of every thing that appeared elſewhere,) and as its conductors were at once ignorant and conceited, they took upon them to direct the taste of the

* In this paper were given the earlieſt ſpecimens of thoſe unqualified, and audacious attacks on all private character; which the town firſt ſmiled at for their quaintneſs, then tolerated for their abſurdity; and now—that other papers equally wicked, and more intelligible, have ventured to imitate it, —will have to lament to the laſt hour of Britiſh liberty.

town, by prefixing a ſhort panegyric to every trifle which came before them.

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve that Yendas and Laura Marias, and Tony Paſquins, have long claimed a preſcriptive right to infeſt moſt periodical publications: but as the Editors of them never pretended to criticiſe their harmleſs productions, they were merely read, laughed at, and forgotten. A paper, therefore, that introduced their traſh with hyperbolical encomiums, and called on the town to admire it, was an acquiſition of the utmoſt importance to theſe poor people, and naturally became the grand depoſitory of their lucubrations.

At this auſpicious period the firſt cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the public though the medium of this favoured paper. There was a ſpecious brilliancy in theſe exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had ſcarce ever ventured beyond a ſheep, and a crook, and a roſe-tree grove, with an oſtentatious diſplay of "blue hills," and "craſhing torrents,"

and "petrifying ſuns!"* From admiration to imitation is but a ſtep. Honeſt Yenda tried his hand at a deſcriptive ode, and ſucceeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word.

——— contagio labem
Hanc dedit in plures, ſicut grex totus in agris
Unius ſcabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

* Here Mr. Parſons is pleaſed to advance his farthing ruſh-light. "Craſhing torrents and petrifying ſuns are extremely ridiculous"— *habes confitentem!* "but they are not to be found in the Florence Miſcellany." Who ſaid they were? But apropos of the Florence Miſcellany. Mr. Parſons ſays I obtained a copy of it by a breach of confidence; and ſeems to fancy, good man! that I derived ſome prodigious advantage from it: yet I had written both the poems, and all the notes ſave one, before I knew there was ſuch a treaſure in exiſtence. He might have ſeen, if paſſion had not rendered him as blind as a mill-horſe, that I conſtantly allude to poems publiſhed ſeparately in the periodical ſheets of the day, and afterwards collected with great parade by Bell and others. I never looked into the Florence Miſcellany but once; and the only uſe I then made of it, was to extract a ſounding paſſage from the odes of that deep-mouthed Theban, Bertie Greathead, Eſqr.

While the epidemic malady was ſpreading from fool to fool, Della Cruſca came over, and immediately announced himſelf by a ſonnet to Love. Anna Matilda wrote an incomparable piece of nonſenſe in praiſe of it; and the two "great luminaries of the age," as Mr. Bell calls them, fell deſperately in love* with each other.

* The termination of this "everlaſting" attachment was curious. When the genuine enthuſiaſm of the correſpondence (Preface to the Album) had continued for ſome time, Della Cruſca became impatient for a ſight of his beloved, and Anna, in evil hour, conſented to become viſible. What was the conſequence!

Tacta places, audita places, *ſi non videare*
Tota places, neutro *ſi videare* places.

Mr. Bell, however, tells the ſtory another way; and he is probably right. According to him, "Chance alone procured him an interview." Whatever procured it, all the lovers of "true poetry", with Mrs. Piozzi at their head, expected wonders from it. The flame that burnt with ſuch ardour, while the lady was yet unſeen, they hoped would blaze with unexampled brightneſs at the ſight of the bewitching object. Such were their hopes. But what, as Dr. Johnſon gravely aſks, are the hopes of man! or indeed of woman!—for this fatal meeting

From that period not a day paſſed without an amatory epiſtle fraught with lightning and thunder, et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.——The fever turned to a frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thouſand other nameleſs names caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom* to the other, all was nonſenſe and Della Cruſca.

put an end to the whole. Except a marvellous dithyrambic which Della Cruſca wrote while the impreſſion was yet warm upon him, and which conſequently gave a moſt accurate account of it; nothing has ſince appeared to the honour of Anna Matilda: and the "tenth muſe," the "angel," the "goddeſs," has ſunk into an old woman; with the comforting reflection of having liſped love ſtrains to an ungrateful ſwain.

—— non hic eſt ſermo pudicus
In *vetula*, quoties laſcivum intervenit illud
Ζωη και Ψυχη.

* Kingdom. This is a trifle. Heaven itſelf, if we may believe Mrs. Robinſon, took part in the general infatuation.

" ——— When midſt etherial fire
Thou ſtrik'ſt thy DELLA CRUSCAN lyre,

Even THEN, I waited with a patience which I can better account for, than excuſe, for ſome one (abler than myſelf) to ſtep forth to correct the growing depravity of the public taſte, and check the inundation of abſurdity that was burſting upon us from a thouſand ſprings. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming (for now bed-ridden old women, and girls at their ſamplers, began to rave) I determined, without much confidence of ſucceſs, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers; and accordingly wrote the Following Poem.

Round to catch the *heavenly* ſong,
Myriads of *wondering* ſeraphs throng!"

I almoſt ſhudder while I quote: but ſo it ever is,

Fools ruſh in where angels fear to tread.

And Merry had given an example of impious temerity, which this wretched woman was but too eager to imitate.

THE

BAVIAD.

THE

BAVIAD,

A

PARAPHRASTIC IMITATION

OF THE

FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille SONETTAS,
Hic ELEGOS!

[a] *P.* WHEN I look round on man, and find
how vain
His paſſions—

F. Save us from this canting ſtrain!
Why, who will read it?

PERS. SAT. I.

[a] O CURAS hominum! O quantum eſt in
rebus inane!
Quis leget hæc? Min' tu iſtud ais? Nemo,
hercule. Nemo?

P. Say'ſt thou THIS to me?

F. None, by my life.

P. What, none? Nay, two or three—

F. No, no; not one. 'Tis ſad; but—

P. Sad; but—Why?

Pity is inſult here. I care not, I,

Vel duo, vel nemo: turpe et miſerabile. Quare?

NOTES.

* *Cui non dictus Hylas?* And who has not heard of James Boſwell, Eſq.? All the world knows (for all the world has it under his own hand) that this great man compoſed a BALLAD in honour of Mr. Pitt, with very little aſſiſtance from Truſler, and leſs from Mr. Dibdin; which he produced to the utter confuſion of the Foxites, and ſung at the Lord Mayor's table. This important "ſtate paper" I have not been able to procure, thanks to the *ſcombri, et quicquid inepti amicitur chartis*, out the terror and diſmay it occaſioned amongſt the enemy, with a variety of other circumſtances highly neceſſary to be known, may be gathered from the following letter:

To the CONDUCTOR *of the* WORLD.

SIR,

THE waſps of oppoſition have been very buſy with my *State Ballad*, "the GROCER of

[b] Tho' * Boſwell, of a ſong and ſupper vain,
And Bell's whole choir (an ever-jingling train),

---

[b] Ne mihi Polydamas & Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint: nugæ.

NOTES.

LONDON;" and they are welcome. Pray let them know that I am vain of a haſty compoſition which has procured me large draughts of that popular applauſe in which I delight. Let me add, that there was certainly no *ſervility* on my part; for I publicly declared in Guildhall, between the *encores*, "that this ſame "Grocer had treated ME arrogantly and ungratefully; "but that, from his great merit as a Miniſter, I was "compelled to ſupport him!"

The time WILL come, when I ſhall have a proper opportunity to ſhew, that in one inſtance at leaſt, the man has wanted wiſdom.

Atqui vultus erat multa & præclara minantis.

Poor Bozzy! But I too threaten.—And is there need of thy example, then, to convince me that on

————our firmeſt reſolutions
The noiſeleſs and inaudible foot of death
Steals like a thief!

In ſplay-foot madrigals their pow'rs combine,
To praiſe * Miles Andrews' verſe, and cenſure mine—
[c] No, not a jot. Let the beſotted town
Beſtow as faſhion prompts the laurel crown ;

---

[c] ——Non, ſi quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas : examenve improbum in illa

NOTES.

* This gentleman, who has long been known as an induſtrious paragraph-grinder to the morning papers, took it into his head ſome time ſince to try his hand at a Prologue. Having none of the uſual requiſites for this buſineſs, he laboured to little purpoſe ; till Dulneſs, whoſe attention to her childreu is truly maternal, ſuggeſted to him that unmeaning ribaldry and vulgarity might poſſibly be ſubſtituted for harmony, ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.—He caught at the hint, made the experiment, and ſucceeded to a miracle. Since that period every play-wright, from O'Keeffe to Della Cruſca, "a heavy declenſion!" has been ſolicitous to preface his labours with a few lines of his manufacturing, to excite and perpetuate the good humour of his audience. As the reader may probably not diſlike a ſhort ſpecimen of Mr. Andrews's wonder-working poetry, I have ſubjoined the following ex-

But do not THOU, who mak'ſt a fair pretence
To that beſt boon of Heaven, COMMON SENSE,

Caſtiges trutina: nec te quæſiveris extra.

NOTES.

tract from his laſt and beſt performance, his prologue to Lorenzo.

" Feg, cries fat Madam Dump, from Wapping Wall,
" I dont love plays no longer not at all,
" They're now ſo vulgar, and begin ſo ſoon,
" None but low people dines till afternoon;
" Then they mean ſummot, and the like o' that,
" And its impoſſible to ſit and chat.
" Give me the uppero, where folks come ſo grand in,
" And nobody need have no underſtanding.

" Ambizione! del tiranno!
" Piu forte, piu piano, a che fin—
" Zounds! here's my warrant, and I will come in.
" Diavolo! who comes here to ſo confound us?
" The conſtables, to take you to the round-houſe.
" De round-houſe, ?—Mi!
" Now comes the dance, the demi characterе,
" Chacone, the pas de deux, the here, the there;

Reſign thy judgment to the rout, and pay
Knee-worſhip to the idol of the day:
For all are——

Nam Romæ eſt quis non? [d] at, ſi fas dicere:
ſed fas

NOTES.

"And laſt, the chief high-bounding on the looſe toe,
Or pois'd like any Mercury, O che guſto!

And this was heard with applauſe! And this was read with delight! O ſhame! where is thy bluſh?

——morantur
Pauci ridiculum effugientem ex urbe pudorem.*

---

* It is rightly obſerved by Solomon that you may bray a fool in a mortar without making him wiſer. Upon this principle I account for the ſtationary ſtupidity of Mr. Andrews; whoſe faculties, God help the while! do not ſeem a whit improved by the dreadful pounding he has received. Of him therefore I waſh my hands—but I would fain aſk Meſſrs. Morton and Reynolds (the worthy followers of O'Keeffe, and the preſent ſupporters of the Britiſh

F. What? Speak freely; let me know.

P. [d] O might I! durſt I! Then——but let it go.

Tunc, cum ad canitiem, et noſtrum iſtud vivere triſte
Aſpexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,
Cum ſapimus patruos: tunc, tunc. Ignoſcite. Nolo.

NOTES.

Stage) whether it be abſolutely neceſſary to introduce their Pieces with ſuch ineffable nonſenſe as this

——Betty, it's come into my head
Old maids grow croſs becauſe their cats are dead;
My governeſs hath been in ſuch a fuſs
About the death of our old tabby puſs.
She wears black ſtockings—ha! ha! what a pother,
'Cauſe one old cat's in mourning for another *!

If IT BE NOT—for common-ſenſe' ſake, Gentlemen ſpare us the diſgrace of it; and O Heavens! IF IT BE—deign in mercy ſometimes to apply to the Bellman, or the Grave-ſtone cutter, that we may ſtand a little chance of having our ribaldry and our doggrel "with a difference."

* See THE WILL—A Bartholomew-fair farce by Mr. Reynolds.

Yet, when I view the follies that engage
The full-grown children of this piping age;
See ſnivelling Jerningham at fifty weep
O'er love-lorn oxen and deſerted ſheep;
See Cowley * friſk it to one ding-dong chime,
And weekly cuckold her poor ſpouſe in rhyme;
See Thrale's grey widow with a ſatchel roam,
And bring in pomp laborious nothings home;
See Robinſon forget her ſtate, and move
On crutches tow'rds the grave, to † "Light o' Love;"

NOTES.

* For the *poetic* amours of this lady, ſee the Britiſh Album, particularly the poem called the INTERVIEW; of which, ſoit dit en paſſant, I have a moſt delectable tale to tell, when time ſhall ſerve.

† Light o' Love, that's a tune that goes *without* a *burden*. SHAKESPEARE.

‡ In the firſt editions of this and the following poem, I had overlooked Mr. Parſons, though an undoubted Bavian. This nettled him. Ha! quoth he, in the words of a well known writer, "Better be damn'd than mentioned not at all." He accordingly

See Parſons ‡ while all ſound advice he ſcorns,
Miſtake two ſoft excreſcences for horns; 30

NOTES.

applied to me* (in a circuitous manner I confeſs) and as a particular favour was finally admitted, in the ſhape of a motto, into the title page of the Mæviad. Theſe were the lines.

May he who hates not CRUSCA's *ſober* verſe,
Love MERRY's *drunken* proſe, ſo ſmooth and terſe;
The ſame may rake for ſenſe in PARSON's ſkull,
And ſhear his hogs, poor fool! and milk his bull.

The firſt diſtich contains what Mr. Burke calls "high matter;" and can only be underſtood by the initiated; the ſecond (would it had never been written!) inſtead of gratifying the ambition of Mr. Parſons, as I fondly expected, and quieting him for ever, had a moſt fatal effect upon his poor head, and from an honeſt pains-taking gentleman converted him in imagination into a Minotaur.

Continuo implevit falſis mugitibus urbem,
Et ſæpe in lævi quæſivit CORNUA frontem.

* PARSONS I know, and this I heard him ſay,
Whilſt Gifford's harmleſs page before him lay,
I too can LAUGH, I was the FIRST BEGINNER.
PARSONS of HIMSELF, Teleg. March 19.

Quam multi faciunt quod Eros, ſed lumine ſicco,
Pis major lachrymas RIDET, et intus habet!

And butting all he meets, with aukward pains,
Lay bare his forehead, and expoſe his brains:
I ſcarce can rule my ſpleen ——

NOTES.

The Motto appeared on a Wedneſday; and on the Saturday after, the moroſoph Eſte (who appears to have believed in the reality of the metamorphoſis) publiſhed the firſt bellowings of Mr. Parſons, with the following introduction:

ON MR. GIFFORD's MOTTO.

"The following SPIRITED CHASTISEMENT of the vulgar ignorance and malignity in queſtion, was ſent on Thurſday night—but by an accidental error in one of our clerks, or in the ſervant delivering the copy at the office, it was unfortunately miſlaid!"

Why, this is as it ſhould be;—"the Gods take care of Cato!" Who ſees not that they interfered, and by conveying the copy out of the compoſitor's way, procured the Author of the Mæviad two comfortable nights! But to the "ſpirited chaſtiſement."

"Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces."

The profundity of the laſt obſervation, by the bye, proves Mr. Parſons to be an accurate obſerver of nature: and if the three Iriſhmen who went nine miles to ſuck a bull, and came back a-dry, had fortunately had the honour of his acquaintance, we

F. Forbear, forbear:
And what the great delight in learn to ſpare.

NOTES.

ſhould probably have heard nothing of their far-famed expedition.

" Nor wool the pig, nor milk the bull produces,
" Yet each has ſomething for far different uſes:
" For boars, pardie! have tuſks, and bulls have
" HORNS."

Η, Νεμεσις δε κακαν εγραψατο ΦΩΝΑΝ.

for from that hour ſcarce a week, or indeed a day, elapſed, in which Mr. Parſons did not make himſelf ridiculous, by threatening me in the Telegraph, the Oracle, &c. with thoſe formidable non-entities.

Well and wiſely ſingeth the poet:—*Non unus mentes agitat furor.* Yet while I give an involuntary ſmile to the oddity of Mr. Parſons' diſeaſe, I cannot but lament that his friends (and a gentleman who is ſaid to belong to more clubs than Sir Watkin Lewis, muſt needs have friends) I cannot, I ſay, but lament that on the firſt appearance of thoſe knobs, thoſe " excreſcences, "as I call them, his friends did not have him cut for the ſimples!

[c] *P.* It muſt not, cannot be; for I was born

To brand obtruſive ignorance with ſcorn;
On bloated pedantry to pour my rage,
And hiſs prepoſterous fuſtian from the ſtage.
Lo, DELLA CRUSCA*! in his cloſet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent.

---

[c] Quid faciam? ſed ſum petulanti ſplene cachinno.
Scribimus incluſi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,

NOTES.

* Lo, DELLA CRUSCA!

" O thou, to whom ſuperior worth's allied,
" Thy Country's honour, and the Muſes pride—"

So ſays Laura Maria—

et ſolem quis dicere falſum
Audeat?

Indeed ſhe ſays a great deal more; but as I do not underſtand it, I forbear to lengthen my quotation.

Innumerable Odes, Sonnets, &c. publiſhed from time to time in the papers, have juſtly procured this gentleman the reputation of the firſt poet of the age: but the performance which called forth the high-ſounding panegyric above mentioned, is a philoſo-

Abortive thoughts that right and wrong confound,
Truth ſacrific'd to letters, ſenſe to ſound;

Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus
anhelet:

NOTES.

phical rhapſody on the French Revolution, called the Wreath of Liberty.

Of this poem no reader *(provided he can read)* is at this time ignorant: but as there are various opinions concerning it, and as I do not chooſe perhaps to diſpute with a lady of Mrs R—'s critical abilities, I ſhall ſelect a few paſſages from it, and leave the world to judge how truly its author can be ſaid to be

" gifted with the ſacred lyre,
" Whoſe ſounds can more than mortal thoughts
inſpire."

This ſupernatural effort of genius, then, is chiefly diſtinguiſhed by three very prominent features.—1. Downright nonſenſe. 2. Downright frigidity. 3. Downright doggrel.—Of each of theſe in its turn: and firſt of the firſt.

Hang o'er his eye the goſſamery tear.
Wreath round her airy harp the tim'rous joy.
A web-work of deſpair, a maſs of woes.
And o'er my lids the ſcalding tumour roll.

Falſe glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noiſe and nonſenſe clatter through the line.

---

[f] Scilicet hæc populo, pexuſque togaque recenti,

NOTES.

"TUMOUR, a morbid ſwelling." JOHNSON. An excellent thing to roll over an eye, eſpecially if it happen to be hot and hot, as in the preſent caſe.

——ſummer-tints begemm'd the ſcene.
And ſilky ocean ſlept in gloſſy green.

While air's nocturnal ghoſt, in paly ſhroud,
Glances with grieſly glare from cloud to cloud.

And gauzy zephyrs, fluttring o'er the plain,
On twilight's boſom drop their filmy rain.

Unus inſtar omnium! This couplet ſtaggered me. I ſhould be loth to be found correcting a madman; and yet mere folly ſeems unequal to the production of ſuch exquiſite nonſenſe.

2do.

——days of old
Their periſh'd, proudeſt, pageantry unfold.

——nothing I deſcry.
But the bare boaſt of barren heraldry.

——the huntreſs queen,
Showers her ſhafts of ſilver o'er the ſcene.

To theſe add, moody monarchs, radiant rivers, cooling cataracts, lazy loires (of which, by the bye,

"'Tis done. Her houſe the generous Piozzi
lends,

Et natalitia tandem cum ſardonyche albus,

NOTES.

there are none), gay garonnes, gloomy glaſs, mingling murder, dauntleſs day, lettered lightnings, delicious dilatings, ſinking ſorrows, rich reaſonings, meliorating mercies, dewy vapours damp that ſweep the ſilent ſwamp; and a world of others, to be found in the compaſs of half a dozen pages.

3tio.

In phoſphor blaze of genealogic line.

N. B. Written to "the turning of a brazen candle ſtick."

O better were it ever to be loſt
In black negation's ſea, than reach the coaſt.

This couplet may be placed to advantage under the firſt head.

Should the zeal of parliament be empty words.
——turn to France, and ſee
Four million men in arms for liberty.
——doom for a breath
A hundred reaſoning hecatombs to death.

And thither ſummons her blue-ſtocking friends;
The ſummons her blue-ſtocking friends obey,
Lur'd by the love of Poetry—and Tea.
The BARD ſteps forth in birth-day ſplendour dreſt,
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breaſt; 50
His left extending, ſo that all might ſee,
A roll inſcrib'd "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."

Sede legens celſa, liquido cum plaſmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello,

NOTES.

A hecatomb is a ſacrifice of a hundred head of oxen. Where did this gentleman hear of their *reaſoning?*

Awhile I'll ruminate on time and fate;
And the moſt probable event of things——

EUGE, MAGNE POETA! Well may Laura Maria ſay,

That GENIUS glows in every claſſic line,
And NATURE dictates——every thing that's thine.

So forth he ſteps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and aſſumes the chair:
With lemonade he gargles firſt his throat,
Then ſweetly preludes to the liquid note:
[g] And now 'tis ſilence all. GENIUS OR MUSE*—
Thus while the flowry ſubject he purſues,
A wild delirium round th' aſſembly flies;
Unuſual luſtre ſhoots from Emma's eyes;
Luxurious Arno drivels as he ſtands;
And Anna friſks, and Laura claps her hands.

---

[g] Hic neque more probo videas, neque voce ſerena
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum

NOTES.

* GENIUS OR MUSE, whoe'er thou art, whoſe thrill
Exalts the fancy, and inflames the will,
Bids o'er the heart ſublime ſenſation roll,
And wakes ecſtatic fervour in the ſoul.

See the commencement of the Wreath of Liberty, where our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himſelf, has contrived to fill ſeveral quarto pages without a ſingle idea.

[h] O wretched man! And dost thou toil to
pleaſe,
At this late hour* ſuch prurient ears as theſe?
Is thy poor pride contented to receive
Such tranſitory fame as fools can give?
Fools who unconſcious of the critic's laws,
Rain in ſuch ſhow'rs their indiſtinct applauſe.
That THOU, even THOU, who liv'st upon renown,
And with eternal puffs inſult'st the town,

Intrant, et tremulo ſcalpuntur ubi intima verſu.
[h] Tun' vetule auriculis alienis colligis eſcas?
Auriculis quibus et dicas cute perditus ohe!

NOTES.

* I learn from Della Cruſca's lamentations that he is declined into the vale of years; that the women ſay to him, as they formerly ſaid to Anacreon, Γερων ει· and that Love, about two years ſince,

"——tore his name from his bright page,
And gave it to approaching age."

Art forc'd at length to check the idiot roar,
And cry, " For heaven's ſweet ſake, no more, no
" more !"
" But why (thou ſay'ſt) why am I learn'd, why
" fraught
" With all the priest and all the ſage have
taught,
" If the huge maſs, within my boſom pent,
" Muſt ſtruggle there, deſpairing of a vent ?"
[i] THOU learn'd ! Alas, for Learning ! She is
ſped.
And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy
head
And broke thy reſt for THIS, for THIS alone ?
And is thy knowledge nothing if not known ?

Quo didiciſſe, niſi hoc fermentum, et quæ ſemel
intus
Innata eſt, rupto jecore exierit caprificus ?
En pallor, ſeniumque. [1] O mores ! uſque adeone
Scire tuum, nihil est, niſi te ſcire hoc, ſciat alter ?

O fool, fool, fool!—[k] But ſtill, thou crieſt, 'tis ſweet
To hear "That's HE!" from every one we meet;
That's he whom critic Bell declares divine,
For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
Whom Magazines, Reviews, conſpire to praiſe,
And Greathead calls the Homer of our days.
F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name
Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of fame?
P. Nay, it were every thing, did THAT diſpenſe
The ſober verdict found by taſte and ſenſe.
But mark OUR jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown'd all energy of ſoul,

---

[k] At pulchrum eſt digito monſtrari, et dicier, Hic eſt:
Ten cirratorum centum dictata fuiſſe
Pro nihilo pendes? Ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ ſaturi, quid dia poemata narrent.

Ere FARO comes (a dreary interval!)
For ſome fond faſhionable lay they call.
Here the ſpruce enſign, tottering on his chair,
With liſping accent, and affected air,
Recounts the wayward fate* of that poor poet,
Who born for anguiſh, and diſpos'd to ſhew it,

Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina
læna eſt,
Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,

NOTES.

* Recounts the wayward fate.—In the INTERVIEW (ſee the Britiſh Album) the lover finding his miſtreſs inexorable, comforts himſelf, and juſtifies her, by boaſting how well he can play the fool. And never did Don Quixote exhibit half ſo many extravagant tricks in the Sierra Morena, for the *beaux yeux* of his Dulcinea, as our diſtracted amoroſo threatens to perform for the no leſs beautiful ones of Anna Matilda.

" Yes, I will prove that I deſerve my fate,
Was born for anguiſh, and was form'd for hate;
With ſuch tranſcendent woe will breathe my
ſigh,
" That envying fiends ſhall think it ecſtaſy," &c.

Did yet ſo aukwardly his means employ,
That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy.
Loſt in amaze at language ſo divine,
The audience hiccup, and exclaim, " Damn'd fine !"
And are not now the author's aſhes blest ?
Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast ?
Do not ſweet violets now around him bloom ?
Laurels now burſt ſpontaneous from his tomb.
F. This is mere mockery : and (in your ear)
Reaſon is ill refuted by a ſneer.
Is praiſe an evil ? Is there to be found
One ſo indifferent to its ſoothing ſound,
As not to wiſh hereafter to be known,
And make a long futurity his own ;
Rather than—
P.—With 'Squire Jerningham deſcend
To pastry-cooks and moths, " and there an end !"

Phyllidas, Hypſipylas, vatum et plorabile ſi quid
Eliquat, et tenero ſupplantat verba palato.

[1] O thou that deign'st this homely ſcene to ſhare,
Thou know'st when chance (*tho' this indeed be rare* *)

Aſſenſere viri. Nunc non cinis ille poetæ
Felix? non levior cippus nunc imprimit oſſa?
Laudant convivæ nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunataque favilla.
[1] Quiſquis es, O, modo quem ex adverſo dicere feci,
Non ego, cum ſcribo, ſi forte quid aptius exit,
Quando hoc rara avis eſt, ſi quid tamen aputius exit,
Laudari metuam; neque enim mihi cornea fibra eſt:
Sed recti finemque extremumque eſſe recuſo

NOTES.

* To ſee how a Cruſcan can blunder! Mr. Parſons thus politely comments on this unfortunate hemiſtich.

" Thou loweſt of the imitating race,
" Thou imp of ſatire, and thou foul diſgrace;
" Who calleſt *each* coarſe phraſe a lucky hit, &c."

With random gleams of wit has grac'd my lays,
Thou know'ſt too well how I have reliſh'd praiſe.
Not mine the ſoul that pants not after fame—
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
I haunt the ſacred fount, athirſt to prove
The grateful influence of the ſtream I love.
And yet, my friend (though ſtill at praiſe beſtow'd
Mine eye has gliſten'd, and my cheek has glow'd)

Naſcentur violæ? Rides, ait, et nimis uncis
Naribus indulges: an erit, qui velle recuſet
Os populi meruiſſe; et cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec ſcombros metuentia carmina, nec thus?

NOTES.

Alas! no: I call few of them ſo. But this is of a piece with his qui-pro-quo on the preface to the Mæviad—where, on my ſaying I had laid the poem aſide for two years, he exultingly exclaims, "Soh! it was two years in hand then!"

Mr. P. is highly celebrated, I am told, for his ſkill in driving a bargain: it is to be preſumed he does it with his ſpectacles on!

Yet when I proſtitute the lyre to gain
The eulogies that wait each modiſh ſtrain,
May the ſweet Muſe my groveling hopes with-
ſtand,
And tear the ſtrings indignant from my hand;
Nor think that, while my verſe too much I prize,
Too much th' applauſe of faſhion I deſpiſe;
For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,
Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.
Is it not given to Este's unmeaning daſh,
To Topham's fuſtian, Colman's flippant traſh,
To Andrews'* doggrel—where three wits com-
bine
To Morton's catch-word†, Greathead's ideot line,
And Holcroft's Shug-lane cant, and Merry's
Moorfields whine‡.

Euge tuum, & belle; nam belle hoc, excute
totum.

NOTES.

* Andrews.—Such is the reputation this gentleman has obtained for Epilogue writing, that the minor

[m] Skill'd in one uſeful ſcience at the leaſt,
The great man comes, and ſpreads a ſumptuous feast:

Quid non intus habet? Non hic eſt Ilias Atti
Ebria veratro; non ſi qua elegidia crudi
Dictarunt proceres; non quidquid denique lectis
[m] Scribitur in citreis: calidum ſcis ponere ſumen,
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna:
Et verum, iniquis, amo; verum mihi dicite de me.
Qui pote? vis dicam? nugaris——

NOTES.

poets of the day, deſpairing of emulating, are now only ſolicitous of aſſiſting him—happy if they can obtain admiſſion for a couplet or two into the body of his immortal works, and thus ſecure to themſelves a ſmall portion of that popular applauſe ſo laviſhly, and ſo juſtly beſtowed on every thing that bears the ſignature of Miles Andrews! See "the PROLOGUE to the CURE FOR THE HEART ACH by Miles Andrews, and ASSISTANTS.

† Morton's catch-word.—WONDERFUL is the profundity of the Bathos! I thought O'Keefe had reached the bottom of it: but as uncle Bowling ſays, I thought a d—n'd lie—for Holcroft, Reynolds, and

Then, when his gueſts behold the prize at ſtake,
And thirſt and hunger only are awake,

Vos, O patricius ſanguis, quos vivere fas eſt
Occipiti cæco, poſticæ occurrite ſannæ.

NOTES.

Morton, have ſunk infinitely beneath him. They have happily found

In the *loweſt* deep a *lower* ſtill,

and perſevere in exploring it with an emulation which does them honour.

Will poſterity believe this facetious triumverate could think nothing more to be neceſſary to the conſtruction of a play, than an eternal repetition of ſome contemptible vulgarity, ſuch as That's your ſort! Hey, damme! What's to pay! Keep moving, &c.! They will: for they will have blockheads of their own; who will found their claims to celebrity on ſimilar follies. What, however, they will never credit is—that theſe drivellings of ideotiſm, theſe catch-words, ſhould actually preſerve their reſpective authors from being hiſſed off the ſtage. No, they will not believe that an Engliſh audience could be ſo beſotted, ſo brutified as to receive ſuch ſenſeleſs excla-

My friends, he cries, what do the galleries ſay,
And what the boxes, of my laſt new play?
Speak freely, tell me all—come, be ſincere;
For truth, you know, is muſic to my ear.
They ſpeak? Alas, they cannot! But ſhall I;
I who receive no bribe, who dare not lie?

NOTES.

mations with burſts of laughter, with peals of applauſe. I cannot believe it myſelf; though I have witneſſed it. Haud credo—if I may reverſe the good father's poſition—Haud credo, quia poſſibile eſt.

‡ Merry's Moorfields' whine.—In a moſt wretched rhapſody of incomprehenſible nonſenſe, addreſſed by this gentleman to Mrs. Robinſon, which ſhe in her *valuable* poems (page 100) calls a charming compoſition, abounding in lines of exquiſite beauty, is the following rant:

Conjure up demons from the main
Storms upon ſtorms indignant heap,
Bid ocean howl, and nature weep,
Till the Creator *bluſh to ſee*
How horrible his world can be:
While I will GLORY TO BLASPHEME,
AND MAKE THE JOYS OF HELL MY THEME.

The reader, perhaps, wonders what dreadful event gave birth to theſe fearful imprecations. As far as I

This then— " that worſe was never writ before,
Nor worſe will be—till thou ſhalt write once more."
[n] Blest be " two-headed Janus !" tho' inclin'd,
No waggiſh ſtork can peck at him behind ;
He no wry mouth, no lolling tongue can fear,
Nor the briſk twinkling of an aſs's ear.
But you, ye St. Johns, curs'd with one poor head,
Alas ! what mockeries have not ye to dread !

---

[n] O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinſit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata eſt mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ, quantum ſitiat canis Apula, tantæ.

NOTES.

can collect, it was—the aforeſaid Mrs. Robinſon's *not opening her eyes ! ! !* Surely it is moſt devoutly to be wiſhed that theſe poor creatures would recollect, amidſt their frigid ravings, and common-place extravagancies, that excellent maxim of POPE—

" Perſiſt, by nature, reaſon, taſte, unaw'd ;
" But learn, ye DUNCES, not to ſcorn your GOD."

• Hear now our guests :—The critics, Sir! they cry—
Merit like yours the critics may defy.
But this indeed they ſay—" Your varied rhymes,
At once the boast and envy of the times,
In every page, ſong, ſonnet, what you will,
Shew boundleſs genius, and unrivall'd ſkill.
If comedy be yours, the ſearching strain
Gives a ſweet pleaſure, ſo chastis'd by pain,
Than e'en the guilty at their ſufferings ſmile,
And bleſs the lancet, tho' they bleed the while.

• Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim, niſi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per leve ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues——
Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
Dicere res grandes nostro dat Muſa poetæ.
Ecce modo heroas ſenſus afferre videmus
Nugari ſolitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum

If tragedy, th' impaſſion'd numbers flow
In all the ſad variety of woe,
With ſuch a liquid lapſe, that they betray
The breast unwares, and steal the ſoul away."
Thus fool'd, the moon-struck tribe, whoſe best effays
Sunk in acrostics and in roundelays,
To loftier labours now pretend a call,
And bustle in heroics, one and all.
E'en Bertie burns of gods and chiefs to ſing—
Bertie who lately twitter'd to the string
His namby-pamby madrigals of love,
In the dark dingles of a glittering grove,
Where airy lays,* woven by the hand of morn,
Were hung to dry upon a cobweb thorn! ! !

Artifices, nec rus ſaturum laudare.—Euge, poeta!

NOTES.

* Where airy lays, &c.
" Was it the ſhuttle of the morn
" That hung upon the cobweb'd thorn

Happy the ſoil where bards like muſhrooms riſe,
And aſk no culture but what Byſhe ſupplies!
Happier the bards who, write whate'er they will,
Find gentle readers to admire them ſtill!
Some love the verſe that like Maria's flows
No rubs to ſtagger, and no ſenſe to poſe;
Which read, and read, you raiſe your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder what it is about.
Theſe fancy "BELL'S POETICS" only ſweet,
And intercept his hawkers in the ſtreet;

Eſt nunc Briſæi quem venoſus liber Acci
Sunt quos Pacuviuſque, et verrucoſa moretur
Antiopa, ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.

NOTES.

"Thy airy lay? Or did it riſe,
"In thouſand rich enamell'd dyes,
"To greet the noon-day ſun," &c.
BELL'S ALBUM, vol. ii.

There, ſmoaking hot, inhale *MIT YENDA's
ſtrains,
And the rank fume of TONY PASQUIN's brains.†

NOTES.

* MIT YENDA. This is Mr. Tim, alias Mr. Timothy Adney, a moſt pertinacious gentleman, who makes a conſpicuous figure in the papers under the ingenious ſignature above cited; being, as the reader already ſees, his own name read backward. "Gentle dulneſs ever loves a joke!"

Of his prodigious labours I have nothing by me but the following ſtanza, taken from what he calls his Poor Man:

Reward the bounty of your generous hand,
Your head each night in comfort ſhall be *laid*,
And plenty ſmile throughout your fertile land,
While I do haſten to the ſilent *grave*.

"Good morrow, my worthy maſters and miſtreſſes all; and a merry Chriſtmas to you."

I find I have been guilty of a miſnomer. Mr. Adney having politely informed me, ſince the above was written, that his chriſtian name is not Timothy but Thomas. The Anagram in queſtion, therefore muſt be MOT YENDA; omitting the H *euphoniæ gratia*; I am happy in an opportunity of doing juſtice to ſo correct a gentleman, and I pray him to continue his valuable labour.

Others, like Kemble, on black letter pore,
And what they do not underſtand, adore ;

NOTES.

† TONY PASQUIN.—I have too much reſpect for my reader to affront him with any ſpecimens of this man's poetry, at once licentious and dull beyond example : at the ſame time I cannot reſiſt the temptation of preſenting him with the following ſtanzas, written by a friend of mine, and ſufficiently illuſtrative of the character in queſtion :

TO ANTHONY PASQUIN, Eſq.

Why doſt thou tack, moſt ſimple Anthony,
The name of *Paſquin* to thy ribbald ſtrains ?
Is it a fetch of wit, to let us ſee
Thou, like that ſtatue, art devoid of brains ?

But thou miſtak'ſt : for know, tho' Paſquin's head
Be full as hard, and near as thick, as thine ;
Yet has the world admiring on it read
Many a keen gibe, and many a ſportive line.

While nothing from thy jobbernowl can ſpring
But impudence and filth ; for out, alas !
Do what we will, 'tis ſtill the ſame vile thing,
Within, all brick-duſt—and without, all braſs.

Buy at vaſt ſums the *traſh* of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praiſe.
Theſe, when ſome lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has bleſs'd them with "*The Boke of good advice*,"

Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quæriſque unde hæc ſartago loquendi

NOTES.

Then blot the name of PASQUIN from thy page:
Thou ſeeſt it will not thy poor riff-raff ſell.
Some other wouldſt thou take? I dare engage
JOHN WILLIAMS, or Tom Fool, will do as well.

TONY has taken my friend's advice, and now ſells or attempts to ſell "his riff-raff" under the name of JOHN WILLIAMS.

It has been repreſented to me, that I ſhould do well to avoid all mention of this man; from a conſideration that one ſo loſt to every ſenſe of decency and ſhame, was a fitter object for the Beadle

For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to ſeek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week *.
And can we when ſuch mope-eyed dolts are plac'd
By thoughtleſs faſhion on the throne of taſte—

Venerit in linguas? unde istud dedecus?——
Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid? crimina raſis

NOTES.

than the Muſe. This has induced me to lay aſide a ſecond caſtigation which I had prepared for him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.

HERE on the rack of Satire let him lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.

One word more. I am told there are men ſo weak as to deprecate this miſerable object's abuſe, and ſo vain, ſo deſpicably vain, as to tolerate his praiſe—for ſuch I have nothing but pity;—though the fate of Haſtings, ſee the "Pin-baſket to the Children of Theſpis," holds out a dreadful leſſon to the latter—but ſhould there be a man, or a woman—however high their rank—baſe enough to purchaſe the venal pen of this miſcreant for the ſake of tra-

Say, can we wonder whence this jargon flows,
This motley fuſtian, neither verſe nor proſe,
This old new language that defiles our page,
The refuſe and the ſcum of every age? 205

Librat in antithetis; doctas poſuiſſe figuras
Laudatur; bellum hoc. Hoc bellum? An Romule ceves?

NOTES.

ducing innocence and virtue; then——I was about to — —; but 'tis not neceſſary: the profligate cowards who employ Antony can know no ſeverer puniſhment than the ſupport of a man whoſe acquaintance is infamy, and whoſe touch is poiſon.

* Others like Kemble, &c.—Tho' no great Catalogue hunter, I love to look into ſuch marked ones as fall in my way. That of poor Dood's books amuſed me not a little. It exhibited many inſtances of BLACK LETTER mania; and, what is more to my purpoſe, a transfer of much "traſh of ancient days," to the fortunate Mr. Kemble. For example.

	£.	s	d
Firſt part of the tragicall Raigne of Selimus Emperour of the Turks - - -	1	11	6

82514

Lo, Beaufoy * tells of Afric's barren ſand
In all the flow'ry phraſe of fairy land :

NOTES.

	£.	s.	d.
Jacob and Eſau, a Mery and Whittie Comedie - - - - - -	3	5	0
Look About You, a comedie - - - - -	5	7	6
The tragedie of T. Nero, Rome's Greateſt Tyraunte, &c. &c. - - - - - - -	1	4	0

How are we ruined !

* Lo ! Beaufoy, &c.—" The feet are *accommodated* with ſhoes, †, and the head is *protected* by a—woollen nightcap."

AFRICAN ASSOCIATION, p. 139.

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† Shoes.—By your leave, maſter critic, here is a ſmall overſight in your quotation. The gentleman does not ſay their feet are accommodated with *ſhoes*, but with *ſlippers*. For the reſt, *accomodate*, as I learn, is a ſcholar-like word, and a word of exceeding great propriety. *Accommodate !* it comes from *accommodo :* that is, when a man's feet are, as they ſay, accommodated ; or when they are—being—whereby they may be thought to be accommodated : which is an excellent thing.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

There Fezzan's thrum-capp'd tribes, Turks,
Chriſtians, Jews,
Accommodate, ye gods! their feet with ſhoes.
There *meagre* ſhrubs *inveterate* mountains
grace,
And *bruſhwood* breaks the *amplitude of ſpace*.
Perplex'd with terms ſo vague and undefin'd,
I blunder on; till wilder'd, giddy, blind,
Where'er I turn, on clouds I ſeem to tread;
And call for Mandeville to eaſe my head.
Oh for the good old times! When all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our ſires in unaffected language told
Of ſtreams of amber, and of rocks of gold:

NOTES.

"From this ſcene of gladſome contraſt, i. e. from the mountain of Zillau (p. 288), whoſe rugged ſides are marked with ſcanty ſpots of bruſhwood, and enriched with ſtores of water, to the long aſcent of the broad rock of Gerdobah (p. 289), from whoſe inflexible barrenneſs little is to be got—from this ſcene, I ſay, of gladſome contraſt to the *inveterate* mountains of Gegogib, &c."

Full of their theme, they ſpurn'd all idle art,
And the plain tale was truſted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves;
Leſs to diſplay our ſubject, than ourſelves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flow'r, a bird,
Heavens, how we ſweat, laborioufly abſurd!
Words of gigantic bulk, and uncouth ſound,
In rattling triads the long ſentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work ſeems one continued war!
Is not THIS ſad?

F. "'Tis pitiful, God knows,
"'Tis wondrous pitiful." E'en take the proſe;
But for the poetry—oh, that my friend,
I ſtill aſpire—nay, ſmile not—to defend.

NOTES.

"In the long courſe of a ſeven-days paſſage, the traveller is ſcarcely ſenſible that a few ſpots of thin and *meagre* bruſhwood ſlightly interrupt the vaſt expanſe of ſterility, and diminiſh the amplitude of deſolation!!!"

[p] You praiſe our ſires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarſe;
We want their *ſtrength*: agreed. But we atone
For that, and more, by *ſweetneſs* all our own.
For inſtance—" * Haſten to the lawny vale,
" Where yellow morning breathes her ſaffron gale,
" And bathes the landſcape—"
P. Pſhaw! I have it here:
" A voice ſeraphic graſps my liſtening ear:
" Wond'ring I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
" More bright than dauntleſs day's imperial ſtar,
" A godlike form advances."

---

[p] Sed numeris decor eſt, et junctura addita crudis.

NOTES.

* Haſten, &c.—This and the following quotation are taken from the " Laurel of Liberty," a work on which the great author moſt juſtly reſts his claims to immortality.

F. You ſuppoſe
Theſe lines perhaps too turgid; what of thoſe?
"THE MIGHTY MOTHER [q]—"
P. Now 'tis plain you ſneer,
For * Weston's ſelf could find no ſemblance here.
Weston! who ſlunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad, with ſecret ſpite,

Ut ramale vetus prægrandi ſubere coctum.
Claudere ſic verſum didicit Berecynthius Atys,
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin.
Sic coſtam longo ſubduximus Appennino.
"[q] Arma virum" nonne hoc ſpumoſum et cortice pingui?

NOTES.

* Weſton.—This indefatigable gentleman has been attacking the moral character of Pope in the Gentleman's Magazine, with all the virulence of Gildon, all the impudence of Smedley, and all the ignorance of Curl and his aſſociates.

And, envying the fair fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accurs'd!—O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in ſong,
O injur'd bard! accept the grateful ſtrain,
That I, the humbleſt of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand repay
For many a penſive, many a ſprightly lay:
So may thy varied verſe, from age to age,
Inform the ſimple, and delight the ſage!

NOTES.

What the views of the immaculate Sylvanus may be, in ſtanding cap in hand, and complacently holding open the door of the temple, for near two years, to this * "execrable" Eroſtratus, I know not. He cannot ſure be weak enough to ſuppoſe an obſcure ſcribbler like this has any charges to bring againſt our great poet, that eſcaped the vigilant malevolence of the Weſtons of the Dunciad. Or if ever, from the natural goodneſs of his heart, he cheriſhed ſo laudable a ſuppoſition, he ought (whatever it may coſt him) to forego it: when, after twenty months, nothing is produced but an exploded accuſation taken from the

* Such is the epithet applied to Pope by the virtuous indignation of this amiable traducer of worth and genius!

While canker'd Weſton, and his loathſome rhymes,
Stink in the noſe of all ſucceeding times!

Enough[r]. But where (for theſe, you ſeem to ſay,
Are ſamples of the high, heroic lay)
Where are the ſoft, the tender ſtrains, that call
For the moiſt eye, bow'd head, and lengthen'd drawl?

---

[r] Quidnam igitur tenerum & laxa cervice legendum?

NOTES.

moſt common edition of the Dunciad; which, as nothing but Weſtonian rancour could firſt make, ſo nothing but Weſtonian ſtupidity can now revive.

It has been ſuggeſted to me, that this nightman of literature deſigns to reprint as much as can be collected of the heroes of the Dunciad.—If it be ſo, the dirty work of traducing Pope may be previouſly neceſſary; and prejudice itſelf muſt own, that he has ſhewn uncommon penetration in the ſelection of the blind and outrageous mercenary now ſo laboriouſly employed in it.

Whatever be the deſign, the proceedings are by no means inconſiſtent with the plan of a work which

Lo! here——" *Canſt thou, Matilda, urge my
fate,
" And bid me mourn thee?—yes, and mourn too
late!
" O raſh, ſevere decree! my maddening brain
" Cannot the ponderous agony ſuſtain;

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura ſuperbo
Baſſaris———

NOTES.

may not unaptly be ſtyled THE CHARNEL-HOUSE OF REPUTATION, and which from the days of Lauder to the preſent, has delighted to aſperſe every thing venerable amongſt us—which accuſed Swift of luſt, and Addiſon of drunkenneſs; which inſulted the aſhes of Toup while they were yet warm, and gibbeted poor Henderſon alive; which affected to idolize the great and good Howard, while idolatry was painful to him; and the moment he fell, glorioufly fell, in the exerciſe of the moſt ſublime virtue, attempted to ſtigmatiſe him as a brute and a monſter!

* Canſt thou Matilda, &c. (vide Album, vol. ii.)—Matilda! " nay then, I'll never truſt a madman again." It was but a few minutes ſince, that Mr. Merry died for the love of Laura Maria; and now is

" But forth I ruſh, from vale to mountain run,
" And with my mind's thick gloom obſcure the ſun."

[a] Heavens! if our ancient vigour were not fled,
Could VERSE like this be written or be read?
VERSE! THAT's the mellow fruit of toil intenſe,
Inſpir'd by genius, and inform'd by ſenſe;
THIS, the abortive progeny of Pride
And Dulneſs, gentle pair, for aye allied;
Begotten without thought, born without pains,
The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.

---

[a] Hæc fierent, ſi testiculi vena ulla paterni
Viveret in nobis? ſumma delumbe ſaliva,
Hoc natat in labris: et in udo est Mænas et Atys;
Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorſos ſapit ungues.

NOTES.

he going to do the ſame thing for the love of Anna Matilda?

What the ladies may ſay to ſuch a ſwain, I know not; but certainly he is too prone to run wild, die, &c. &c. Such indeed is the combuſtible nature of this gentleman,

F. [t]So let it be: and yet, methinks, my friend,
Silence were wiſe, where ſatire will not mend.
Why wound the feelings of our noble youth,
And grate their tender ears with odious truth?
They cheriſh *Arno, and his flux of ſong,
And hate the man who tells 'em they are wrong.

---

[t] Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
Auriculas? vide ſis, ne majorum tibi forte

NOTES.

that he takes fire at every female ſignature in the papers: and I remember, that when Olaudo Equiano, (who, for a black, is not ill-featured) tried his hand at a ſoft ſonnet, and by miſtake ſubſcribed it *Olauda*, Mr, Merry fell ſo deſperately in love with him, and "yelled "out ſuch ſyllables of dolour" in conſequence of it, that "the pitiful hearted" negro was frightened at the miſchief he had done, and tranſmitted in all haſte the following correction to the editor——"For *OlaudA*, "pleaſe to read *OlaudO*, the black MAN."

* Of this *ſpes altera Romæ*, this ſecond hope of the age, the following ſtanzas will afford a ſufficient ſpecimen. They are taken from a ballad which

Thy fate already I foreſee. My Lord
With cold reſpect will freeze thee from his board ;
And his Grace cry, " Hence with your ſapient ſneer !
" Hence ! we deſire no curriſh critic here."

Limina frigeſcant : ſonat hic de nare canina

NOTES.

Mr. Bell, an admirable judge of theſe matters, calls a " very mellifluous one ; eaſy, artleſs, and unaffected."

Gently o'er the riſing *billows*
Softly ſteals the bird of night,
Ruſtling thro' the *bending willows* ;
Fluttering pinions *mark* her flight.

Whither now in *ſilence bending*,
Ruthleſs winds *deny thee reſt* ;
Chilling *night-dews* faſt deſcending
Gliſten on thy downy breaſt.

Seeking ſome kind hand to guide thee,
Wiſtful turns thy *fearful* eye ;
Trembling as the willows *hide* thee,
Shelter'd from th' inclement ſky.

The ſtory of this poor owl, who was at one and the ſame time at ſea and on land, ſilent and noiſy,

P. Enough. [f] Thank heaven! my error now
I ſee,
And all ſhall be divine henceforth for me:

Litera. [f] Per me equidem ſint omnia protinus alba,

NOTES.

ſheltered and expoſed, is continued through a few more of theſe "mellifluous" ſtanzas: which the reader, I doubt not, will readily forgive me for omitting; more eſpecially if he reads the ORACLE, a PAPER honoured—as the grateful editor very properly has it—by the effuſions of this "artleſs" gentleman above all others.

N. B. On looking again, I find the OWL to be a Nightingale.—N'importe.

It was ſaid of Theophilus Cibber (I think by Goldſmith), that as he grew older, he grew never the better. Much the ſame (mutatis mutandis) may be ſaid of the gentlemen of the Baviad. After an interval of two years, I find the "mellifluous" ARNO celebrating Mrs. Robinſon's Novel in ſtrains like theſe:

Yes, Andrew's doggrell, Greathead's idiot line,
And Morton's catch-word, all, forſooth, divine!

F. 'Tis well. Here let th' indignant ſtricture ceaſe,
And LEEDS at length enjoy his fool in peace.

Nil moror: euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res.
Hoc juvat: hic iniquis, veto quiſquam faxit oletum.

NOTES.

For the ORACLE.

SONNET to Mrs. ROBINSON,

Upon reading her VANCENZA.

WHAT never-ceaſing Muſic! From the throne
Where ſweeteſt SENSIBILITY enſhrin'd
Pours out her tender triumphs, all alone
To every murmuring breeze of paſſing wind!

P. Come then, around their works a circle draw,
And near it plant the dragons of the law;
With labels writ, "Critics far hence remove,
"Nor dare to cenſure what the great approve."
I go. [g] Yet Hall could laſh with noble rage
The purblind patron of a former age,

Pinge duos angues: pueri, ſacer eſt locus, extra
Mejite; [g] diſcedo: ſecuit Lucilius urbem,

NOTES.

O, bleſt with all the lovely lapſe of Song,
That bathes with pureſt balm the ſoften'd breaſt,
I ſee thee urge thy Fancy's courſe along
The ſolemn glooms of GOTHIC piles *unbleſt*.

VANCENZA riſes—o'er her time-touch'd ſpires
GUILT *unreveal'd* hovers with killing dew,
Fruſtrates the fondneſs of the VIRGIN's fires,
And bares the *murd'rous* CASKET to her view.

The thrilling pulſe creeps back upon each Heart,
And HORROR lords it by thy facinating Art.

ARNO.

Et vitula TU dignus, et HÆC! The Novel is worthy of the Poetry; the Poetry of the Novel.

And laugh to ſcorn th' eternal ſonnetteer
Who made gooſe-pinions and white rags ſo dear.
Yet Oldham in his rude, unpoliſh'd strain,
Could hiſs the clamorous, and deride the vain,
Who bawl'd their rhymes inceſſant thro' the town,
Or brib'd the hawkers for a day's renown.
Whate'er the theme, with honest warmth they wrote,
Nor car'd what Mutius of their freedom thought:
Yet proſe was venial in that happy time,
And life had other buſineſs than to rhyme.
[h] And may not I—now this pernicious peſt,
This metromania, creeps thro' every breast;
Now fools and children void their brains by loads,
And itching grandams ſpawl laſcivious odes;

Te Lupe, te Muti, & genuinum fregit in illis.
[h] Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum ſcrobe? Nuſquam.
Hic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipſe, libelle:

Now lords and dukes, curs'd with a ſickly taste,
While Burns' pure healthful nurture runs to waste,
Lick up the ſpittle of the bed rid muſe,
And riot on the ſweepings of the stews;
Say, may not I expoſe—

F. No—'tis unſafe.

Prudence my friend.

P. What! not deride, not laugh?

Well! thought at least is free—

F. O yet forbear.

P. Nay, then, I'll dig a pit, and bury there
The dreadful truth that ſo alarms thy fears:
THE TOWN, THE TOWN, GOOD PIT, HAS ASSES EARS!
Thou think'st perhaps, this wayward fancy strange;
So think thou still; yet would not I exchange

Auriulas aſini Mida rex habet. Hoc ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo

The ſecret humour of this ſimple hit
For all the Albums that were ever writ.
Of this no more. O THOU (if yet there be
One boſom from this vile infection free),
THOU who canst thrill with joy, or glow with ire,
As the great masters of the ſong inſpire
Canst hang enamour'd o'er the magic page,
Where deſperate ladies deſperate lords engage,
Gnomes, Sylphs, and Gods the fierce contention ſhare,
And heaven and earth hang trembling on a hair;
Canſt quake with horror while Emilia's charms
Againſt a brother point a brother's arms,
And trace the fortune of the varying fray,
While hour on hour flits unperceived away—

Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum ſene palles,
Aſpice & hæc, ſi forte aliquid decoctius audis.

Approach: 'twixt hope and fear I wait. O deign
To caſt a glance on this incondite ſtrain:
Here, if thou find one thought but well expreſt,
One ſentence higher finiſh'd than the reſt,
Such as may win thee to proceed awhile,
And ſmooth thy forehead with a gracious ſmile,
I aſk no more. [i] But far from me the throng,
Who fancy fire in Laura's vapid ſong,
Who Anna's bedlam-rant for ſenſe can take,
And over * Edwin's mewlings keep awake;

Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure,
[i] Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere geſtit,
Sefe aliquem credens, Italo quod honore ſupinus

NOTES.

* *Edwin's Mewlings*, &c.)—We come now to a character of high reſpect, the profound Mr. T. Vaughan, who, under the alluring ſignature of Edwin, favours us from time to time with a melancholy poem on the death of a bug, the flight of an earwig, the miſcarriage of a cock-chaffer, or ſome other event of equal importance.

Yes, far from me, whate'er their birth or place,
Theſe long-ear'd judges of the Phrygian race,

Fregerit heminas—

NOTES.

His laſt work was an Επιταφιον (bleſſings on his learning!), which I take for granted means *an Epitaph*, on a mouſe that broke her heart: and, as it was a matter of great conſequence, he very properly made the introduction as long as the poem itſelf. Hear how gravely he prologiſeth:

On a tame mouſe, which belonged to a lady who ſaved its life, conſtantly fed it, and even wept, poor lady! at its approaching death. The mouſe's eyes actually dropped out of its head, poor mouſe! THE DAY BEFORE IT DIED.

Επιταφιον.

This feeling mouſe whoſe heart was warm'd
By Pity's pureſt ray,
Becauſe her Miſtreſs dropt a tear,
Wept both her eyes away.

By ſympathy depriv'd of light,
She one day's darkneſs tried;

Their cenſure and their praiſe alike I ſcorn,
And hate the laurel by their followers worn!

NOTES.

The grateful tear no more could flow,
So lik'd it not, and died.

May we when others weep for us,
The debt with int'reſt pay—
And, when the gen'rous fonts are dry,
Revert to native clay.

EDWIN.

Mr. T. Vaughan has aſſerted that he is not the author of this matchleſs Επιταφιον, with ſuch ſpirit, and retorted upon one Baviad (whom without all controverſy the learned gentleman takes to be a man) with ſuch ſtrength of argument, and elegance of diction, that I ſhould wrong both him and the reader, to give it in any words but his own.

" Well ſaid, Baviad the correct!—And ſo the PROFOUND Mr. T. Vaughan, as you politely ſtyle him, writes under the alluring ſignature of Edwin, does he? and therefore a very proper ſubject for your ſatiric malignity!—But ſuppoſe for a moment, as the *truth* and the *fact* is, that this gentleman never did uſe that ſignature upon any occaſion, in whatever he may have written: Do not you the identical Baviad,

Let ſuch, a taſk congenial to their powers,
At ſales and auctions waste the morning hours,

His mane edictum, poſt prandia Calliroën do.

NOTES.

in that caſe, for your unprovoked abuſe of him, immediately fall under your own character of that Nightman of Literature you ſo liberally aſſign Weſton? And like him too, if there is any truth in what you ſay or write, do you not

Swell like a filthy toad with ſecret ſpite?

The ayes have it. And ſhould you not be as well verſed in your favourite Author's Fourth Satire, as you are in the Firſt, with your leave, I will *quote* from it *two* emphatic lines:

" Into themſelves how few, how few deſcend,
" And act, at home, the free impartial friend!
" None ſee their own, but all with ready eye
" The pendent wallet on a neighbour ſpy;
" And like a Baviad will recount his ſhame,
" Tacking his *very errors* to *his name*."

ORACLE, 12th Jan.

Wile the dull noon away in Chriſtie's fane,
And ſnore the evening out at Drury lane;
Lull'd by the twang of Benſley's naſal note,
And the hoarſe croak of Kemble's foggy throat.

NOTES.

And, to *whoſe* name ſhould they be tacked, but the author's? Let not the reader, however, imagine the abſurdity to proceed from Perſius, or his ingenious tranſlator. "The truth and the fact is," that our learned brother, having a ſmall change to make in the two laſt lines, blundered them with his uſual acuteneſs into nonſenſe. He is not much more happy when he calls WESTON "the Nightman of Literature." But when a gentleman does not know what he writes, it is a little hard upon him to expect he ſhould know what he reads.—After all Edwin or not, our egregious friend is ſtill the PROFOUND Mr. T. Vaughan.

THE

MÆVIAD.

Qui BAVIUM non odit, amet tua carmina MÆVI.

IN the INTRODUCTION to the preceding pages, I have given a brief account of the riſe and progreſs of that ſpurious ſpecies of poetry, which lately infeſted this metropolis, and gave occaſion to the BAVIAD.

I was not ignorant of what I expoſed myſelf to, by the publication of that work. If abuſe could have affected me, I ſhould not probably have made a ſet of people my enemies, habituated to ill language, and poſſeſſed of ſuch convenient vehicles * for its diſſemination. But

* Moſt of theſe faſhionable writers were connected with the public prints. Della Cruſca was a worthy

I never regarded it from ſuch hands; and, indeed, deprecated nothing but their praiſe. I reſpect, in common with every man of ſenſe, the cenſure of the wiſe and good: but the angry ebullitions of folly unmaſked, and vanity mortified, paſs by me, "like the idle wind;" or, if noticed, ſerve merely to grace ſome ſucceeding edition of the Baviad.

I confeſs, however, that the work was received more favourably than I expected. Bell, indeed, and a few others, whoſe craft I had touched, vented their indignation in proſe, and verſe: but, on the whole, the clamour againſt me was not loud; and was loſt by inſenſible degrees in the applauſes of ſuch as I was truly ambitious to pleaſe.

coadjutor of the mad and malignant idiot who conducted the World. Arno, and Lorenzo, were either proprietors or editors of another paper. Edwin and Anna Matilda, were favoured contributors to ſeveral, and Laura Maria from the ſums ſhe ſquandered on puffs, could command a corner in all.

Thus ſupported, the good effects of the ſatire (gloriosè loquor) were not long in manifeſting themſelves. Della Cruſca appeared no more in the Oracle, and, if any of his followers ventured to treat the town with a ſoft ſonnet, it was not, as before, introduced by a pompous preface. Pope and Milton reſumed their ſuperiority; and Eſte and his coadjutors, ſilently acquieſced in the growing opinion of their incompetency, and ſhewed ſome ſenſe of ſhame.

With this I was ſatisfied. I had taken up my pen for no other end: and was quietly retiring, with the idea that I had "done the ſtate ſome ſervice;" and purpoſing to abandon for ever the cæſtus, which a reſpectable critic fancies I wielded "with too much ſeverity"; when I was once more called into the liſts*, by the re-appearance of ſome of the ſcattered enemy.

NOTES.

* I hope no one will do me the injuſtice to ſuppoſe that I imagine myſelf another Hercules, contending with Hydras, &c. Far from it. My enemies

It was not enough that the ſtream of folly flowed more ſparingly in the Oracle than before; I was determined

To have the current in *that place* damm'd up;

And accordingly began the preſent poem—for which, indeed, I had by this time other reaſons. I had been told that there were ſtill a few admirers of the Cruſcan ſchool, who thought the contempt I ſhewed for it not ſufficiently juſtified by the few paſſages I had produced. To ſilence theſe

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NOTES.

cannot well have an humbler opinion of me, than I have of myſelf; and yet "if I am not aſhamed of them, I am a ſouſed gurnet." Mere pecora inertia! The conteſt is without danger, and the victory without glory. At the ſame time I declare againſt any undue advantage being taken of theſe conceſſions. Though I knew the impotence of theſe literary Aſkaparts, the town did not: and many a man, who now affects to pity me for waſting my ſtrength upon unreſiſting imbecility, would, not long ſince, have heard their poems with applauſe, and their praiſes with delight.

objections therefore, I thought it beſt to exhibit the tribe of Bell once more; and, as they paſſed in review before me, to make ſuch additional extracts* from their works, as ſhould put their demerits beyond the power of future queſtion.

I remembered that this gentleman in his excellent remarks on the Baviad, had charged the author with "beſpattering *nearly* all the poetical eminence of the day." Anxious, therefore, to do impartial juſtice, I ran for the ALBUM, to diſcover whom I had ſpared. Here I read, "In this collection are names whom Genius will ever look upon as its *beſt* ſupporters! Sheridan"—— what is "SAUL alſo among the Prophets!— Sheridan, Merry, Parſons, Cowley, Andrews, Jerningham, Colman, Topham, Robinſon, &c."

NOTES.

* I know it will ſaid that I have done it, uſque ad nauſeam. I confeſs it; and for the reaſon given above. And yet I can honeſtly aſſure the reader, that moſt, if not all, of the traſh I have quoted, paſſed with the authors for ſuperlative beauties; every ſecond word being printed either in italics, or capitals.

Thus furniſhed with " all" the poetical eminence of the day, I proceeded, as Mr. Bell ſays, to beſpatter it; taking for the vehicle of my deſign, a Satire of Horace—to which I was led by its ſupplying me (amidſt many happy alluſions) with an opportunity, I was not unwilling to ſeize, of briefly noticing the preſent wretched ſtate of dramatic poetry*.

NOTES.

* I know not if the ſtage has been ſo low, ſince the days of Gammar Gurton, as at this hour. It ſeems as if all the blockheads in the kingdom had ſtarted up, and exclaimed, *una voce*, Come! let us write for the theatres. In this there is nothing, perhaps altogether new; the ſtriking and peculiar novelty of the times ſeems to be, that ALL * they write is received. Of the three parties concerned in this buſineſs, the writers and the managers ſeem the leaſt cul-

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* I recollect but two exceptions. Merry's idiotical Opera, and Mrs. Robinſon's more idiotical Farce. To have failed where O'Keefe ſucceeded, argues a degree of ſtupidity ſcarcely credible. Surely " ignorance itſelf is a planet" over the heroes and heroines of the Baviad!

When the MÆVIAD (ſo I call the preſent poem) was nearly brought to a concluſion, I laid it aſide. The times ſeemed unfavourable to ſuch productions. Events of real importance were momentarily claiming the attention of the public; and the ſtill voice of the muſes was not likely to be liſtened to amidſt the din of arms. After an

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NOTES.

pable. If the town will have huſks, extraordinary pains need not be taken to find them any thing more palatable. But what ſhall we ſay of the town itſelf! The lower orders of the people are ſo brutified by the lamentable follies of O'Keefe, and Cobbe, and Pillon, and I know not who—Sardi venales, each worſe than the other—that they have loſt all reliſh for ſimplicity and genuine humour: nay, ignorance itſelf, unleſs it be groſs and glaring, cannot hope for "their moſt ſweet voices." And the higher ranks are ſo mawkiſhly mild, that they take with a placid ſimper whatever comes before them: or, if they now and then experience a ſlight fit of diſguſt, have not reſolution enough to expreſs it, but ſit yawning and gaping in each others faces for a little encouragement in their pitiful forbearance.

interval of two years, however, circumſtances, which it is not material to mention, have induced me to finiſh, and truſt it, without more preface, to the candour to which I am already ſo highly indebted for the warm reception of the Baviad.

I ſhould here conclude this introduction, already too long; were it not for the ſake of noticing the ſtrange inconſiſtency of the town. I hear that I am now breaking butterflies upon wheels! There was a time (it was when the Baviad firſt appeared) that theſe butterflies were Eagles, and their obſcure and deſultory flights, the object of univerſal envy and admiration. They are yet ſo with too many: and ſurely no one can wiſh another to continue under the infatuation from which himſelf is happily free, for want of a little additional exertion!

THE

MÆVIAD.

YES, I DID ſay that Cruſca's * " true ſublime"
Lacked taſte, and ſenſe, and every thing but
rhyme;

IMITATIONS.

HORACE, Sat. 10. Lib. 1.

V. 1. Nempe incompoſito dixi pede currere
verſus

NOTES.

* Cruſca's " true ſublime." The words between inverted commas in this, and the following verſes,

That Arno's "eaſy ſtrains" were coarſe and rough,
And Edwin's "matchleſs numbers" woeful ſtuff.

IMITATIONS.

Lucili. Quis tam Lucilî fautor inepte eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur?

NOTES.

are Mr. Bell's. They contain, as the reader ſees, a ſhort character of the works to which they are reſpectively affixed. Though I have the misfortune to differ from this gentleman in the preſent inſtances, yet I obſerve ſuch acuteneſs of perception in his general criticiſm, that I ſhould have ſtiled him the "profound" inſtead of the "gentle" Bell; if I had not previouſly applied the epithet to a ſtill greater man, (abſit invidia dicto) to—Mr. T. Vaughan.

I truſt this incidental preference will create no jealouſy—for though, as Virgil properly remarks, "An oaken ſtaff EACH merits;" yet I need not inform a gentleman, who, like Mr. Bell, reads Shakeſpeare every day after dinner, that "if two men ride upon a horſe, one of them muſt ride behind."

And who—forgive, O gentle Bell! the word,
For it muſt out—who, prithee, ſo abſurd,
So muliſhly abſurd, as not to join
In this with me; ſave always THEE, and THINE!
Yet ſtill, the SOUL of candour! I allow'd
Their jingling elegies amuſed the croud;
That lords and dukes hung blubbering o'er each line,
That lady-critics wept, and cried "divine!"
That love-lorn prieſts reclined the penſive head,
And ſentimental enſigns, as they read,
Wiped the ſad drops of pity from their eye,
And burſt between a hiccup and a ſigh.

IMITATIONS.

V. 10, &c. ——— At idem quod ſale multo
Urbem defricuit, charta laudatur eadem.
Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera: nam ſic
Et Laberî minos, ut pulchra poemata mirer.

Yet, not content, like horſe-leeches they come,
And ſplit my head with one eternal hum
For " more! more! more!" Away! For ſhould I grant
The full, the unreſerved applauſe, ye want,
St. John * might then my partial voice accuſe,
And claim my ſuffrage for his tragic muſe;

IMITATIONS.

V. 17. The horſe-leech has two daughters, crying, " Give! give!"

PROVERBS.

NOTES.

* St. John, &c. Having already obſerved in the Introduction that the Mæviad was nearly finiſhed two years ſince, and conſequently before the death of this gentleman; I have only to add here, that though I ſhould not have introduced into it any of the heroes of the Baviad, quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina, yet I ſcarce think it neceſſary to make any changes for the ſake of omitting ſuch as have paſſed ad plures, in the interval between writing and publiſhing.

And Greathead *, riſing from his ſhort diſgrace,
Fling the forgotten "Regent" in my face;
Bid me my cenſure, as I may, deplore,
And like my brother critics cry "Encore!"

NOTES.

The reader will find (v. 235) another inſtance of my ſmall pretenſions to prophecy; and probably regret it more than the preſent.

* Greathead's Regent. Of this tragedy, which was recommended to the world in more than one reſpectable publication, as "the work of a SCHOLAR," I want words to expreſs my opinion. The plot of it was childiſh, the conduct abſurd, the language unintelligible, the thoughts falſe and confuſed, the metaphors incongruous, the general ſtyle groveling and baſe, and, to ſum up all in a word, the whole piece the moſt execrable abortion of ſtupidity that ever diſgraced the ſtage.

It is to be wiſhed that Reviewers, ſenſible of the influence their opinions neceſſarily have on the public taſte, could diveſt themſelves of their partialities, when they ſit down to the execution of, what I hope they conſider as, their ſolemn duty. We ſhould not then find them, as in the inſtance before us, recommending a work to favour, deſerving univerſal reprobation and contempt.

Alas, my learned friends! for learn'd ye are,

IMITATIONS.

V. 27. Ergo non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum Auditoris; & eſt quædam tamen hic quoque virtus.

NOTES.

This is perhaps requiring too much; as it ſuppoſes them not poſſeſſed of the feelings of other men. And yet—on conſidering the importance of the office they have aſſumed, and the good or evil they have the means of diſpenſing—I have on more than one occaſion lamented that they were

"No more but even mortals, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſions as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares."

It is but fair to obſerve, however, that Mr. Parſons has added his all-ſufficient ſuffrage to that of the Reviewers, in favour of Mr. Greathead's abilities.

"O bard! to whom belongs
Each pureſt fount of poeſy!

As Bell will ſay, or, if ye aſk it, ſwear ;

NOTES.

Who old Ilyſſus' hallowed dews
In his OWN Avon dares infuſe.
O favoured clime! O happy age!
That boaſts to ſave a ſinking ſtage"
A Greathead!!!

Gent. Mag.

When I read theſe, and other high ſounding praiſes, ſcattered over Reviews, Magazines, Newſpapers, and I know not what, without having ſeen any thing but the Regent; I was naturally led to ſuſpect that Mr. G. had ſucceeded better in his ſmaller pieces, and thus juſtified in ſome degree the cry of his "learning, &c." But no. All was a blank!

Here follow a few ſamples of the "Ilyſſean dews infuſed by Mr. Greathead into his OWN Avon"—muddied, I ſuppoſe, and debaſed by the home-bred ſtreamlets of one Shakeſpeare.

"In fuller preſence we deſcry
Mid mountain rocks—a deity
Than eye of man ſhall e'er behold
In living grace of *ſculptur'd* gold *

'Tis not enough (though this be ſomewhat too,

NOTES.

I would give ſomething to know this "learned gentleman's" idea of ſculpturing. In the Regent, he talks of a "Sculptor's kneading docile clay!!!"

More matter for a May morning!

ODE ON APATHY.

"Accurs'd be dull lethargic Apathy,
Whether at eve ſhe liſtleſs ride
In ſluggiſh car by tortoiſe drawn—
With mimic air of ſenſeleſs pride,

She feebly throws on all her withering ſight,
While too obſervant of her ſway
Unmark'd her droning ſubjects lie,
Alike to her who murmur or obey.

I hope the reader underſtands it.

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* Mr. Parſons ſays "theſe lines are not Greathead's." But they are publiſhed with his name in the Album; which excluſive of their ſtupidity, is ſufficient authority for me. If our doughty critic chooſes to take them to himſelf, I can have no objection; for, after all, pugna eſt de paupere regno!

And more perhaps * than Jerningham can do)

NOTES.

ODE TO DUEL.

" Never didſt thou appear
While Tiber's ſons gave law to all the world;
Yet much they loved to deſolate and ſlaughter,
Carthage atteſt my words
To glut their ſanguinary rage,
Not citizens but gladiators fall.
Slavery and vaſſalage,
And ſavage broils, 'twixt nobles are no more.
Vaniſh thou likewiſe "———

And theſe are ODES, good heavens! " After the manner of Pindar," I take for granted.

But enough of Mr. G. whom I heſitate not to pronounce, with all his " ſcholarſhip," as ignorant a man as any in the three kingdoms. I have only to add, that I am actuated by no perſonal diſlike of Mr. G.; for I can ſay with the greateſt truth (what indeed I can of all the heroes of the Mæviad) that I have not the ſlighteſt knowledge of him. But the daws have ſtrutted too long: it is more than time to ſtrip them of their adventitious plumage; and if, in doing it, I ſhall pluck off any feathers which originally belonged to them, they have only to thank their own vanity, or the forwardneſs of their injudicious friends.

* And more perhaps than Jerningham can do.—No; Mr. Jerningham has lately written a Tragedy

'Tis not enough to dole out Ahs! and Ohs!

NOTES.

and a Farce; both extremely well ſpoken of by the Reviewers, and both gone to the "paſtry-cooks."

I thought I underſtood ſomething of faces; but I muſt read my Lavater over again I find. That a gentleman with the "phyſiognomie d'un mouton qui rêve," ſhould ſuddenly ſtart forth a new Tyrtæus, and pour a dreadful note thro' a cracked war-trump, amazes me—Well; FRONTI NULLA FIDES ſhall henceforth be my motto!

In the pride of his heart Mr. J. has taken the inſtrument from his mouth, and given me a ſmart ſtroke on the head with it: this is fair,

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura ſagittis.

He has alſo levelled a deadly blow at a gentleman, who moſt aſſuredly never dreamed of having our Drawcanſir for an antagoniſt: this, though not quite ſo fair, is not altogther unprecedented;

An eagle towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawked at!

There is a trait of ſcholarſhip in Mr. Jerningham's laſt poem, which ſhould not be overlooked; more

Through Kemble's thorax*, or through Benſley's
noſe;

NOTES.

eſpecially as it is the only one. Having occaſion to mention "Agave and her *infant* *," he ſubjoins the following explanation: "Alluding to Agave, who in a dilirium ſlew her *child*. See Ovid." No, I'll take Mr. Jerningham's word for it, though I had twenty Ovids before me.

* Kemble's thorax * * * hiatus valde deflendus * * * But why mention Mr. Benſley? Why not? Is not Mr. Benſley a public man, and his ſnuffling an object of public concern? But Mr. Benſley is a good man; and perfect in every duty of life. I am glad of it from my ſoul; and, if I were on the topic of private virtues, would be the firſt to praiſe him. But this is from the purpoſe. While I only follow the fair ground of public criticiſm, I know of no ſtatute, political or moral, which forbids my ſaying to Mr. Benſley, or any other man whoſe noſe I diſlike,

——————————— Exi
Jam gravis es nobis, & ſæpe emungeris; Exi
Ocyus & propera———

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* See his "Peace, Ignominy, and Deſtruction," Page 15.

To fill our ſtage with ſcaffolds, or to fright
Our wives with rapes, repeated thrice a night,
JUDGES——Not ſuch as ſelf-created, ſit
On that TREMENDOUS BENCH* which ſkirts the pit,
Where idle Theſpis nods, while Arnot† dreams
Of Nereids "purling in ambroſial ſtreams;"

NOTES.

* When this was written, (which was while the Opera Houſe was uſed for plays) the "learned juſticers" here enumerated, together with others *not yet taken*, were accuſtomed to flock nightly to this BENCH, from which the unlettered vulgar were always ſcornfully repelled with an ΟΥΔΕΙΣ. ΑΜΟΥΣΟΣ.

I have not heard whether the New Theatre be poſſeſſed of ſuch a one: I think not; for critics are no more gregarious than ſpiders. Like them, they might do great things in concert, but, like them too, they uſually end with devouring one another.

† Arno. The dreams of this gentleman, which continue to make their appearance in the Oracle, un-

Where Eſte in rapture cons fantaſtic airs,
" Old Piſtol new-revived" in Topham ſtares,
And Boſwell, aping with prepoſterous pride
Johnſon's worſt frailties, rolls from ſide to ſide,
His heavy head from hour to hour erects,
Affects the fool, and is what he affects *——
JUDGES of truth and ſenſe, yet more demand:
That art to nature lend a helping hand!

NOTES.

der the name of Theſpis, are not always of Nereids. He dreamed one night that Mr. Pope played Poſthumus with leſs ſpirit than uſual; and it was Mr. Johnſon ſinging Grammachre! Another night, that the Mourning Bride might have been better caſt, and lo! it was the Comedy of Errors that was played!!!

This was rather unfortunate: but the reader muſt have already obſerved, from the ſtrange occupations of theſe " ſelf-created judges" (which I have faithfully deſcribed) that, ſleeping or waking, they were attentive to every thing but what paſſed before their eyes.

* Pauper videri Cotta vult, et eſt pauper!

That fables well deviſed, be ſimply told,
Correct if new, and probable if old.
When Maſon leads Elfrida forth to view,
Adorn'd with virtues which ſhe never knew,
I feel for every tear; while born along
By the full tide of unreſiſted ſong,
I ſtop not to enquire if all be juſt,
But take her goodneſs, as her grief, on trust;
'Till calm reflection checks me, and I ſee
The heroine as ſhe was, and ought to be,
A bold, bad woman, wading to the throne
Thro' ſeas of blood, and crimes till then unknown:
Then, then I hate the magic that deceived,
And bluſh to think how fondly I believed *.

NOTES.

* Mr. Parſons' note on this paſſage is—"Did you BELIEVE! Could you poſſibly be ſo ignorant?"—Even ſo. But I humbly conceive Mr. Maſon, who ſeduced my unſuſpecting youth, is equally culpable with myſelf. There is alſo one William Shakeſ-

Not ſo, when Atheling*, made in ſome ſtrange
plot
The hero of a day that knew him not,

NOTES.

peare, who, I am ready to take my oath, is a notorious offender in this way; having led not only me, but divers others, into the moſt groſs and ridiculous errors; making us laugh, cry, and I know not what, for perſons whom we ought to have known to be mere non-entities.

But Mr. Parsons has happily obtained an obdurate and impaſſible head: let him, therefore, "give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it." He is a wiſe and a wary reader, and follows the moſt judicious *Bottom*, who, having like himſelf, too much ſagacity to be impoſed upon by a feigned character, was laudably anxious to undeceive the world. "No," quoth he, "let him thruſt his face through the lion's neck, and ſay, If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life——no, I am no ſuch thing: I am a man, as other men are;—and then, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly that he is SNUG the joiner."

* Atheling. See the Battle of Haſtings. A tragedy in which Mr. Cumberland has contrived with

Struts from the field his enemy had won,
On stately stilts, exulting and undone!
Here I can only pity, only ſmile;
Where not one grace, one elegance of style,
Redeems the audacious folly of the rest,
Truth ſacrificed, and history made a jeſt.

Let this, Ye Cruſcans*, if your heads be made
"Of penetrable ſtuff," let this perſuade
Your huſky tribes their wanderings to reſtrain,
Nor hope what taſte and Maſon failed to gain.

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matchleſs dexterity, to introduce every abſurdity of every kind.

* Ye Cruſcans!

O voi, che della CRUSCA vi chiamate
Come quei che farina non avendo
Di QUELLA a tutto paſto vi faziate!—

Then let your style be brief, your meaning clear,
Nor, like Lorenzo*, tire the labouring ear
With a wild waste of words; ſound without ſenſe,
And all the florid glare of impotence.

IMITATIONS.

V. 75. Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures;
Et ſermone opus eſt modo triſti ſæpe jocoſo.

NOTES.

* Lorenzo. " A lamentable tragedy by Della Cruſca, mixed full of pleaſant mirth." The houſe laughed a-good at it; but Mr. Harris cried ſadly. Here is another inſtance, if it were wanted, of the bad effects of proſtitute applauſe. Could this gentleman, if his mind had not been previouſly warped by the eternal puffs of Bell and his followers, have ſuppoſed, for a moment, that a knack of ſtringing together " hoar hills" and " ripling rills," and " red ſkies glare" and " thin, thin air," qualified a man for writing tragedy!

Still with your characters your language change,
From grave to gay, as nature dictates range;
Now droop in all the plaintiveneſs of woe,
Now in glad numbers light and airy flow,
Now ſhake the ſtage with guilt's alarming tone,
And make the aching boſom all your own;
Now——But I ſing in vain; from firſt to laſt,
Your joy is fuſtian, and your grief bombaſt:
Rhetoric has baniſhed reaſon; kings and queens
Vent in hyperboles their royal ſpleens;
Guardſmen in metaphors expreſs their hopes,
And maidens in white linen howl in tropes.
Reverent I greet the bards of other days.
Bleſt be your names! and laſting be your praiſe!
From nature's varied face ye wiſely drew,
And following ages owned the copies true.

IMITATIONS.

V. 91. Illi ſcripta quibus comœdia priſca viris eſt
Hoc ſtabant, hoc ſunt imitandi——

O! had our ſots, who rhyme with headlong haste,
And think reflection ſtill a foe to taste,
But brains your pregnant ſcenes to understand,
And give us truth, tho' but at ſecond hand,
'Twere ſomething yet! But no; they never look——
Shall ſouls of fire, they cry, a tutor brook?
Forbid it inſpiration! Thus your pain
Is void, and ye have lived for them in vain;
In vain for Cruſca, and his ſkipping ſchool,
Cobbe, Reynolds, Andrews, and that Nobler Fool;

IMITATIONS.

V. 103. —— quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, nec ſimius iſte,
Nil præter Calvum doctus cantare Catullum.

Who nought but Laura's* tinkling traſh admire,
And the mad jangle of Matilda's* lyre.

NOTES.

* Laura's tinkling traſh, &c. I had amaſſed a world of this "tinkling traſh" for the behoof of the reader; but having fortunately for him, miſlaid it, and not being diſpoſed to undertake again the drudgery of wading through Mr. Bell's collections, I can only offer him the little that occurs to my memory. Of this little, the merits muſt be ſhared among Mrs. Robinſon, Mrs. Cowley, and Mr. Merry.

Et vos, O Lauri, carpam, & te proxima, Myrte,
Sic poſitæ quoniam ſuaves miſcetis odores.

O let me fly
Where greenland darkneſs drinks the beamy ſky!

But oh! beware how thou doſt fling
Thy *hot pulſe* o'er the quivering ſtring!!!

Pluck from their dark and rocky bed
The yelling demons of the deep,
Who ſoaring o'er the comet's head,
The boſom of the welkin ſweep.

But Cruſca ſtill has merit, and may claim
No humble ſtation in the ranks of fame ;

IMITATIONS.

V. 107. At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis
Miſcuit.

NOTES.

And when the jolly full moon laughs,
In her clear zenith to behold
The envious ſtars withdraw their gleams of gold,
'Tis to thy health ſhe ſtooping quaffs
The ſapphire cup that fairy zephyrs bring ! ! !

On conſidering theſe and the preceding lines, I was tempted to indulge a wiſh that the blue-ſtocking club would iſſue an immediate order to Mr. Bell, to examine the cells of Bedlam. Certainly, if an accurate tranſcript were made from the " darken'd walls" once or twice a quarter, an ALBUM might be preſented to the faſhionable world, more poetical, and far more rational, than any they have lately honoured with their applauſe.

He taught us first the language to refine,
To croud with beauties every ſparkling line ; 110

NOTES.

Why does thy ſtream of *ſweeteſt* ſong
Foam on the mountain's murmuring ſide,
Or through the vocal covert glide!

I heard a tuneful phantom in the wind,
I ſaw it watch the riſing moon afar
Wet with the weeping of the twilight ſtar.——

The pilgrim who with *tearful* eye ſhall view
The moon's wan luſtre in the midnight dew,
Sooth'd by her light.——

This is an admirable reaſon for his crying:—but what! Un ſot trouve toujours un plus ſot qui l'admire. Mr. Bell is in raptures with it, and very properly recommends it to the admiration of Merry, as being the production of "a congenial ſoul." There is alſo another judicious critic, one Dr. Taſker (ſhould it not be Dr. Truſler?) who has given a decided opinion, it ſeems, in favour of this lady's abilities; which may conſole her for the ſneers of fifty ſuch envious ſcribblers as the author of the Baviad.

And firſt you ſhall hear what Mrs. Robinſon ſays of Dr. Taſker.——"The *learned* and *ingenious* Dr.

Old phraſes with new meanings to diſpenſe,
Amuſe the fancy, and ——Confound the ſenſe :

NOTES.

Taſker, in the third volume of his *elegant* and *critical* works, has PRONOUNCED ſome of Mrs. Robinſon's poems ſuperior to thoſe of Milton on the ſame ſubject, particularly her addreſs to the nightingale! The praiſes of ſo *competent* and *diſintereſted* a judge STAMPS celebrity that neither time nor envy can obliterate!!!

Oracle, Dec. 10.

Next you ſhall hear what Dr. Taſker ſays of Mrs. Robinſon.

" In antient Greece by two fair forms were ſeen
Wiſdom's ſtern goddeſs, and Love's ſmiling queen,
Pallas preſided over arms and arts,
And Venus over gentle virgins' hearts,
But now both powers in one fair form combine,
And in famed Robinſon united ſhine.

This lady, equally celebrated in the polite and literary circles, has honoured Mr.—Lo! the Dr. is dwindled into plain Mr.—has honoured Mr. Taſker's poetical and other productions with high and diſtinguiſhed marks of her approbation!"

Exeter Paper, Jan. 16.

O, void of reaſon! Is it thus you praiſe
A linſey-woolſey ſong, framed with ſuch eaſe,

IMITATIONS.

V. 113—116. —— O ſeri ſtudiorum! quine putetis
Difficile et mirum, RHODIO quod PITHOLEONTI
Contigit.

NOTES.

Why this is the very ſong of Prodicus η χειρ την χειρα νιζει——for the reſt, I truſt my readers will readily ſubſcribe to the praiſes theſe moſt "competent and diſintereſted judges" have reciprocally laviſhed on each other.

But allons,

——My hand at night's fell noon
Plucks from the treſſes of the moon
A ſparkling crown of ſilv'ry hue,
Beſprent with ſtuds of frozen dew!

On the dizzy *height* inclined
I *liſten* to the paſſing *wind*
That loves my *mournful ſong* to ſeize,
And bears it to the *mountain breeze*.

Such vacancy of thought, that every line
Might tempt e'en VAUGHAN to whiſper, "THIS is mine!

NOTES.

Here we find that liſtening to the wind, and ſinging to it are one and the ſame thing; and that—but I can make nothing of the reſt.

When in black obtruſive clouds
The chilly moon her pale cheek ſhrouds,
I mark the twinkly ſtarring train
Exulting glitter in her wane,
And proudly gleam their borrowed light
To gem the ſombre dome of night.

What an admirable obſerver of nature is this great poeteſs! The ſtar *twinkling* in a cloudy night, and *gleaming* its BORROWED luſtre is ſuperlative. I had almoſt forgot to obſerve that theſe, and the preceding lines, are taken from the Ode to the Nightingale; ſo ſuperior, in the reverend judgment of Dr. Taſker, to one of a Mr. John Milton on the ſame ſubject.

——the lightning's rays
Leap through the night's ſcarce pervious gloom,
Attracted by——(what, for a ducat?)
Attracted by the roſes bloom!!!

VAUGHAN! well remembered. He good man complains
That I affixed his name to Edwin's* ſtrains:

NOTES.

Let but thy lyre impatient ſeize
Departing twilight's filmy breeze,
That winds the inchanting chords among
In lingering labyrinths of ſong.——

See in the clouds its maſt the proud bark laves,
Scorning the aid of ocean's humble waves!

From this it appears that Mrs. Cowley fancies proud barks float on their maſts. It is proper to mention that the veſſel takes ſuch extraordinary ſtate on herſelf, becauſe ſhe carries Della Cruſca!

——— from a young grove's ſhade
Whoſe infant boughs but mock the expecting glade!!!
Sweet ſounds ſtole forth, upborn upon the gale,
Preſs'd thro' the air, and broke upon the vale;

Then ſilent walked the breezes of the plain,
Or ſoared aloft, and ſeiz'd the hovering ſtrain.———
Della Cruſca.

The force of folly can no farther go!

'Tis juſt—for what three kindred ſouls have done,
Is most unfairly charged, I ween, on one.
Pardon, my learned friend! With wat'ry eyes
Thy growing fame to truth I ſacrifice;

NOTES.

* Edwin's ſtrains. If the reader will turn to the concluſion of the Baviad, he will find a delicious Επιταφιον on a tame mouſe, by this learned gentleman. As it ſeemed to give univerſal ſatisfaction, I embrace with pleaſure the opportunity of laying before him another effuſion of the ſame exquiſite pen.

It will be found, I flatter myſelf, not leſs beautiful than the former, and will ſerve admirably to prove that the author, though oſtenſibly devoted to Elegy, can, on a proper occaſion, aſſume an air of gaiety, and be "profound" with eaſe, and inſtructive with elegance.

Εδουιν προλογιζει.

"On the circumſtance of a maſtiff's running furiouſly ſad dog! towards two young ladies, and upon coming up to them, becoming inſtantly gentle good dog! and tractable."

To many a ſonnet call thy claims in doubt,
And "at one entrance ſhut thy glory out."
Yet MEWL thou ſtill. Shall my lord's dor-
mouſe die,
And low in dust without a requiem lie!
No, MEWL thou ſtill: and while thy d– – 's join,
Their melancholy ſymphonies to thine,

NOTES.

Tantum ad narrandum argumentum eſt benignitas.

"When Orpheus took his *lyre* to hell
To fetch his rib away,
On that ſame thing he pleas'd ſo well,
That devils learn'd to play.

Beſides in books it may be read,
That whilſt he ſwept the *lute*
Grim Cerb'rus hung his ſavage head,
And lay aſtoundly mute.

But here we can with juſtice ſay
That nature rivals art,

My righteous verſe ſhall labour to reſtore
The well-earned fame it robbed them of before.
EDWIN, whatever elegies of woe
Drop from the gentle mouths of Vaughan and Co.
To this or that, henceforth no more confined,
Shall, like a ſurname, take in all the kind.
Right! cry the brethren. When the heaven-born muſe
Shames her deſcent, and for low earthly views,
Hums o'er a beetle's bier the doleful ſtave,
Or ſits chief mourner at a May-bug's grave,
Satire ſhould ſcourge her from the vile employ,
And bring her back to friendſhip, love, and joy.

NOTES.

He *ſang* a maſtiff's rage away,
You look'd one thro' the heart."

Fecit EDWIN.

But ſpare Ceſario[1], Carlos , Adelaide[3],

NOTES.

[1] Ceſario. In the Baviad (p. 48) there are a few ſtanzas of a moſt delectable ode to an owl. They were aſcribed to Arno: nor was I conſcious of any miſtake, 'till I received a polite note from that gentleman, aſſuring me that he was not only not the author of them; but (horeſco referens) that he thought them "execrable." Mr. Bell, on the other hand, affirms them to be "admirable."

Who ſhall decide when doctors diſagree?

Be this as it may, I am happy to ſay that I have diſcovered the true author. They were written by Ceſario; and as I rather incline to Mr. Bell, pace Arnô dixerim, I ſhall make no ſcruple of laying the remainder of this "mellifluous piece" before my reader.

"Slighted love the *ſoul* ſubduing,
Silent ſorrow *chills* the *heart*,
Treach'rous fancy ſtill *purſuing*,
Still *repels* the *poiſoned* dart.

Soothing thoſe fond *dreams* of pleaſure
Pict'ur'd in the *glowing* breaſt,
Laviſh of her ſweeteſt *treaſure*
Anxious *fear* is *charm'd* to *reſt*.——

The truest poeteſs! the truest maid!

NOTES.

Fearleſs o'er the whiten'd *billows*,
Proudly riſe, ſweet bird of night,
Safely through the bending *willows*
Gently wing thy *aery* flight.

CESARIO.

Though I flatter myſelf I have good ſenſe and taſte enough to ſee, and admire the peculiar beauties of this ode, yet a regard for truth obliges me to declare they are not original. They are taken (with improvements, I confeſs) from a moſt beautiful "ſong by a perſon of quality," in Pope's Miſcellanies. This, though it detracts a little from Ceſario's inventive powers, ſtill leaves him the praiſe (no mean one) of having gone beyond that great poet, in what he probably conſidered as the ne plus ultra of ingenuity.

Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ! Mr. Greathead equals Shakeſpeare, Mrs. Robinſon ſurpaſſes Milton, and Ceſario outdoes Pope in that very performance, which he vainly imagined ſo complete as to take away all deſire of imitating, all poſſibility of excelling it!

O favoured clime! O happy age!

Lorenzo[4], Rueben[5], ſpare: far be the thought

NOTES.

[2] Carlos. I have nothing of this gentleman (a moſt pertinacious ſcribbler in the Oracle) but the following "ſonnet:" luckily, however, it is ſo ineffably ſtupid, that it will more than ſatisfy any reader but Mr. Bell's.

ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

Oft hath the poet hailed the breath of morn,
That wakens nature with the voice of ſpring,
And oft, when purple ſummer feeds the lawn,
Hath fancy touched him with her procreant wing,
Full frequent has he bleſs'd the golden beam
Which yellow autumn glowing ſpreads around,
And tho' pale winter preſſ'd a paly gleam,
Freſh in his breaſt was young deſcription found——

I can copy no more—Job himſelf would loſe all patience here. Inſtead, therefore, of the remainder of this incomprehenſible traſh, I will give the reader a ſtring of judicious obſervations by Mr. T. Vaughan. "Bruyere ſays, he will allow that good writers are ſcarce enough, but adds, and juſtly, that good critics are equally ſo: which *reminds our correſpondent* alſo of what the Abbé Trublet *writes, ſpeaking* of profeſſed critics,

Of intereſt, far from them. Unbribed, unbought,

NOTES.

where he *ſays*, if they were obliged to examine authors impartially——there would be fewer writers in *this way*. Was this to be the liberal practice adopted by our modern critics, we ſhould not ſee a BAVIAD —(Oons! who is this BAVIAD!)—falling upon men and things, that are much above his capacity, and ſeemingly for no other reaſon than becauſe they are ſo."

A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel! This is in truth the reaſon; and when Mr. Vaughan and his coadjutors will condeſcend to humble themſelves to my underſtanding, I will endeavour to profit by their eloquent ſtrictures.

[3] Adelaide. And who is Adelaide? O ſeri ſtudiorum! "Not to know her argues yourſelves unknown." Hear Mr. Bell, the Longinus of Newſpaper writers.

ADELAIDE.

"HE who is here addreſſed by the firſt lyric writer in the kingdom, muſt himſelf endeavour to repay a debt ſo highly honourable, if it can be done by verſe! This Lady ſhall have the praiſe, which ought to be

They pour * from their big breast's prolific zone,

NOTES.

given by the COUNTRY ! ! ! that of firſt diſcovering, and drawing out the *fine powers* of Arno and Della Cruſca !"

" O thou whom late I watch'd while o'er thee hung
The orb, whoſe glories I ſo oft have ſung,
Beheld thee while a *ſhower of beam*
Made night a lovelier morning ſeem," &c.

We might here diſmiſs this " firſt lyric writer of the age," who, from her flippant nonſenſe, appears to be Mrs. Piozzi; were it not for the ſake of remarking, that whatever be the merit of " drawing out the fine powers of Arno" (which, it ſeems this ungrateful country has not yet rewarded with a ſtatue) ſhe muſt be content to ſhare it with Julia. Hear her Invocation—but firſt hear Mr. Bell. " A moſt elegant compliment, which for generous eſteem has been ſeldom equalled, any more than the muſe which inſpired it."

JULIA TO ARNO.

Arno! where ſteals thy dulcet lay
Soft as the evening's minſtrel note,
Say, does it deck the riſing day,
Or on the noon-tide breezes float ! ! !

A proud, poetic fervour, only known

NOTES.

Mrs. Robinſon (for we may as well drop the name of Julia) has been guilty of a trifling larceny here; having taken from the Baviad without any acknowledgment, a delicious couplet which I flattered myſelf would never have been ſeen out of that poem——but ſo it is, that, like Pope,

——— write whate'er I will,
Some riſing genius SINS up to it ſtill.

This has nettled me a little, and poſſibly injured the great poeteſs in my opinion; for I have been robbed ſo often of late, that I begin to think with the old œconomiſt,

Ουτω αοιδων λωϛω ος εξ εμευ οισεται ωδεν.

For the reſt, this "Invocation" called forth a ſpecimen of Arno's fine powers in the following *dulcet* lays.

ARNO TO JULIA.

Sure ſome dire ſtar inimical to man
Guides to his heart the deſolating fire,
Fills with contention only his brief ſpan,
And rouzes him to murderous deſire.

To ſouls like theirs'; as Anna's youth inſpires,

NOTES.

There are who fagely ſcan the tortured world,
And tell us war is but neceſſity,
That millions, by the great diſpenſer hurl'd,
Muſt ſuffer by this ſcourge, and ceaſe to be.

Euge Poeta!

[4] Lorenzo. Και πως εγω Σθενελω φαγοιμ'αν ρημα τι
Εις οξος εμβαπτομενον, η λευκης αλας——

Says a hungry wight in an old comedy. But I know of no ſeaſoning, whatever, capable of making the inſipid garbage of this modern Sthenelus palatable, even to the voracious appetite of the blue-ſtocking club: I ſhall therefore ſpare myſelf the diſguſt of producing it.

[5] Reuben, whom I take to be Mr. Greathead in diſguiſe, (it being this gentleman's fate, like Hercules of old, to aſſume the merit of all unappropriated prodigies) Reuben introduced himſelf to the WORLD by the following "Addreſs to Anna Matilda."

As Laura's graces kindle fierce deſires,

NOTES.

To thee a ſtranger dares addreſs his theme,
To thee, proud miſtreſs of Apollo's lyre,
One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
Prompted by love would ſet the world on fire!
Adorn then love in fancy-tinctured veſt,
Camelion like, anon of various hue,
By Penſeroſo, and Allegro dreſt,
Such genius claim'd when ſhe Idalia drew.——

Anna Matilda, what could ſhe leſs! found

——— this reſuſcitating praiſe
Breathe life upon her dying lays,

Like "the daiſy which ſpreads her bloom to the moiſt evening"!!! and accordingly produced a matchleſs "adornment of love," to the great contentment of the gentle Reuben.

But bard polite, quoth ſhe, how hard the taſk
Which with *ſuch elegance* you aſk!

Who could have thought theſe lines, the ſimple tribute of gratitude to genius, would have nearly occaſioned "a perdition of ſouls!" Yet ſo it was. They unfortunately rouzed the jealouſy of Della

As Henriett——For heaven's ſake! not ſo faſt.
I too, my maſters, ere my teeth were caſt,

NOTES:

Cruſca "on the ſportive banks of the Rhone."—One luckleſs evening

"When twilight on the weſtern edge
Had twined his hoary hair with fabling ſedge,"

as he was "weeping" (for, like Maſter Stephen, theſe good creatures think it neceſſary to be always melancholy) at the tomb of Laura, he ſtarted, as well he might, at the accurſed name of Reuben.

Hark! quoth he,
What cruel ſounds are theſe
Which float upon the languid breeze,
Which fill my ſoul with jealous fear!
Hah! REUBEN is the name I hear.
For him my *faithleſs* Anna, &c.

It is with no ſmall regret I add, that the cold-blooded Bell has deſtroyed this beautiful fancy-ſcene with one ſtroke of his clowniſh pen. In a note on the above lines (Album, p. 134) he officiouſly informs us that Della Cruſca knew "nothing of his rival, till he READ" deteſted word! "his ſonnet in the Oracle." O Bell! Bell! Is it thus thou humbleſt the ſtrains of the ſublime! Surely we may ſay of thee what was not ill ſaid of one of thy ſiſters,

Had learned, by rote, to rave of Dèlia's charms,
To die of tranſports found in Chloe's arms,
Coy Daphne with obstreperous plaints to woo,
And curſe the cruelty of——God knows who.

IMITATIONS.

V. 150. Atqui Ego cum græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
Verſiculos, vetuit tali me voce Quirinus
Poſt mediam viſus noctem, cum ſomnia vera.

NOTES.

Sed tu inſulſa male et moleſta vives,
Per quam non licet eſſe negligentem.

* They pour, &c.

——I love ſo well
Thy ſoul's deep tone, thy thought's high ſwell,
Thy proud poetic fervour known,
But in thy breaſt's prolific zone.

Dell. Cruſ.

When Phœbus, (not the Power that bade thee write,
For he, dear Dapper! was a lying ſprite)
One morn, when dreams are true, approached my ſide,
And, frowning on my tuneful lumber, cried,
" Lo! every corner with ſoft ſonnets crammed,
And high-born odes, " works damned, or to be damned :"
And is THY active folly adding more
To this most worthleſs, moſt ſuperfluous ſtore?
O impotence of toil! thou mighteſt as well
Give ſenſe to Eſte, or modeſty to Bell.
Forbear, forbear: what tho' thou canſt not claim
The ſacred honours of a POET's name,
Due to the few alone, whom I inſpire
With lofty rapture, with etherial fire!
Yet mayſt thou arrogate the humble praiſe
Of reaſon's bard, if, in thy future lays,

Plain ſenſe, and truth, (and ſurely theſe are thine)
Correct thy wanderings, and thy flights confine."
Here ceaſed the God, and vaniſhed. Forth I ſprang
While in my ear the voice divine yet rang;
Seized every rag and ſcrap, approached the fire,
And ſaw whole ALBUMS in the blaze expire.
Then ſhame enſued, and vain regret, to have ſpent
So many hours (hours which I yet lament,)
In thriftleſs induſtry; and year on year
Inglorious rolled, while diffidence, and fear,
Repreſt my voice——unheard till ANNA came,
What! throbb'ſt thou YET, my boſom, at the name?
And chaſed the oppreſſive doubts that round me clung,
And fired my breaſt, and looſened all my tongue.

E'en then (admire, John Bell! my ſimple ways)
No heaven, and hell, danced madly thro' my lays,
No oaths, no execrations; all was plain:
Yet, truſt me, while thy "ever jingling train"
Chime their ſonorous woes with frigid art,
And ſhock the reaſon and revolt the heart;
My hopes, and fears, in nature's language drest,
Awakened love in many a gentle breast.
How oft, O DART! what time the faithful pair
Walked forth, the fragrant hour of eve to ſhare,
On thy romantic banks, have my wild ſtrains*,
(Not yet forgot amidst my native plains)

IMITATIONS.

V. 195. In ſylvam non ligna feras inſaniùs, ac ſi
Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas——

NOTES.

* Mr. Parſons is extremely angry at my "oſtentatious intruſion" of the "Otium Divos" into the

T. Stothard R.A. del. A. Birrell sculp.

Hence! in the name — I scarce had spoke, when lo!
Reams of outrageous sonnets, thick as snow,
Flew round my head; yet, in my cause secure,
"Pour on," I cried, "pour on, I will endure;" —
Mæviad. line 271.

Published July 15. 1797. by J. Wright, Piccadilly.

While THOU haſt ſweetly gurgled down the vale,
Filled up the pauſe of love's delightful tale!

NOTES.

notes on this poem. What could I do? I ever diſliked publiſhing my little modicums on looſe pages —but I ſhall grow wiſer by his example; and, indeed, am even now compoſing "one Riddle, two Rebuſſes, and an Acroſtic, to a child at nurſe,*" which will be ſet forth with all convenient ſpeed. Meanwhile I am tempted to offend once more, and ſubjoin the only two of my "wild ſtrains" that now live in my recollection. I can aſſure Mr. P. they were written on the occaſions they profeſs to be—and the laſt of them at a time when I had no idea of ſurviving to provoke his indignation:

——— ſed Cynaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt, me
Servatura diu.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to riſe,
And truſt your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watry ſkies;

---

* See "ONE Epigram, Two Sonnets, and ONE Ode to a Boy at School, by W. Parſons, Eſq."

While, ever as ſhe read, the conſcious maid,
By faultering voice, and downcast looks betray'd

NOTES.

Retire, retire! THESE tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
THAT ſun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet paſt——
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blaſt,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for ſuch ungentle doom!
But I will ſhield you; and ſupply
A kindlier ſoil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your creſt,
And drawn your balmieſt ſweets away;
O come, and grace my ANNA's breaſt.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know
What worth, what goodneſs there reſide,
Your cups with livelieſt tints would glow,
And ſpread their leaves with conſcious pride.

Would bluſhing on her lover's neck recline,
And with her finger—point the tenderest line.

NOTES.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
  Her riches to the ſtores of Art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
  The ſoft, the ſympathizing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
  Has drunk the dew that gems your creſt,
And drawn your balmieſt ſweets away;
  O come and grace my ANNA's breaſt.

O! I ſhould think,—that fragrant bed
  Might I but hope with you to ſhare,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
  By one ſhort hour of tranſport there.

More bleſt than me, thus ſhall ye live
  Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muſe ſhall give
  A verſe; the ſorrowing maid, a ſigh.

While I alas! no diſtant date,
  Mix with the duſt from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
  Without a ſtone to tell my name.

But theſe are past: and, mark me, Laura!
time
That made what then was venial, now a crime,

NOTES.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I wiſh I was where ANNA lies;
For I am ſick of lingering here
And every hour Affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wiſh I could! For when ſhe died
I loſt my all; and life has prov'd
Since that ſad hour a dreary void,
A waſte unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moſs away,
And weeds that have "no buſineſs there?"

And who with pious hand ſhall bring
The flowers ſhe cheriſh'd, ſnow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded ſpring,
To ſcatter o'er her hallow'd mold?

To more befitting cares my thoughts confined,
And drove with youth, its follies from my mind.

NOTES.

And who, while memory loves to dwell
  Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with paſſion ſwell,
  And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I DID IT; and would fate allow,
  Should viſit ſtill, ſhould ſtill deplore—
But health and ſtrength have left me now,
  And I alas! can weep no more.

Take then, ſweet maid! this ſimple ſtrain,
  The laſt I offer at thy ſhrine;
Thy grave muſt then undeck'd remain,
  And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy ſoft perſuaſive look,
  Thy voice that might with muſic vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
  Thy matchleſs eloquence of eye,

Thy ſpirits, frolickſome, as good,
  Thy courage, by no ills diſmay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs ſubdu'd,
  Thy gay good-humour—Can they "fade!"

Since then, while Merry, and his nurſelings die,
Thrill'd * by the liquid peril of an eye;

IMITATIONS.

V. 207. Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, hæc ego ludo,
Quæ nec in æde ſonent certantia, judice Tarpâ.—

NOTES.

Perhaps—but ſorrow dims my eye:
Cold turf, which I no more muſt view,
Dear name, which I no more muſt ſigh,
A long, a laſt, a ſad adieu!

* Thrilled, &c.

Bid the ſtreamy lightnings fly,
In liquid peril from thy eye.

Dell. Crus.

Ne'er ſhalt thou know to ſigh,
Or on a ſoft idea die,
Ne'er on a recollection gaſp,
Thy arms——Ohe! jam ſatis eſt.

Anna Mat.

Gaſp at a recollection, and drop down
At the long ſtreamy lightning of a frown;
I ſooth, as humour prompts, my idle vein
In frolick verſe, that cannot hope to gain
Admiſſion to the Album, nor be ſeen
In L——'s Review, or Urban's Magazine.
O, for thy ſpirit, Pope! Yet why? My lays,
That wake no envy, and invite no praiſe,
Half-creeping, and half-flying, yet ſuffice
To ſtagger impudence, and ruffle vice.
An hour may come, ſo I delight to dream,
When ſlowly wandering by thy ſacred ſtream,
Majeſtic Thames! I leave the world behind,
And give to fancy all th' enraptur'd mind.
An hour may come, when I ſhall ſtrike the lyre
To nobler themes: then, then, the chords inſpire
With thy own harmony, moſt ſweet, moſt ſtrong,
And guide my hand thro' all the maze of ſong!
Till then, enough for me, in ſuch rude ſtrains
As mother Wit can give, and thoſe ſmall pains

A vacant hour allows; to range the town,
And hunt the clamorous brood of Folly down;
Force every head, in Eſte's deſpite, to wear
The cap and bells, by nature planted there,
Muffle the rattle, ſeize the ſlavering ſholes,
And drive them, ſcourged and whimpering, to their holes.
Burgoyne*, perhaps, unchill'd by creeping age,
May yet ariſe, and vindicate the ſtage;
The reign of nature and of ſenſe reſtore,
And be whatever Terence was before.

IMITATIONS.

V. 235. Arguta meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta
Eludente ſenem, comis garrire libellos
Unus vivorum, Fundani.——

NOTES.

* Burgoyne. See the note on v. 21.

And you, too, whole Menander! who combine
With his pure language and his flowing line,
The SOUL of Comedy; may ſteal an hour
From the fond chace of ſtill-eſcaping power,
The poet and the ſage again unite,
And ſweetly blend inſtruction with delight.
And yet Elfrida's bard, tho' time has ſhed
The ſnow of age too deep around his head;
Feels the kind warmth, the fervour, that inſpired
His youthful breast, still glow unchecked, untired:
And yet, tho' like the bird of eve, his ſong
"Fit audience finds" not in the giddy throng;
The notes, tho' artful wild, tho' numerous chaste,
Fill with delight the ſober eaſe of taste,
But theſe, and more I could with honour name,
Too proud to stoop, like me, to vulgar game,

IMITATIONS.

V. 245. ——molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.

Subjects more worthy of their daring chuſe,
And leave at large the abortions of the muſe.
Proud of their privilege, the innumerous ſpawn,
From bogs and fens, the mire of Pindus drawn,
New vigour feel, new confidence aſſume,
And ſwarm like Pharaoh's frogs in every room.
Sick of th' eternal croak which, ever near,
Beat like the death-watch on my tortured ear;
And ſure, too ſure, that many a genuine child
Of truth and nature, checked his wood-notes wild*,

NOTES.

* Checked his wood-notes wild. Σιωπησανίων κολοιων ασονται κυκνοι. But this is better illuſtrated in a moſt elegant fable of Leſſing's, to which I deſpair of doing juſtice in a tranſlation.

Du zürneſt, Liebling der Muſen, &c. &c.

Thou art troubled, darling of the Muſes, thou art troubled at the clamorous ſwarms of inſects which infeſt Parnaſſus. O hear from me what once the nightingale heard from the ſhepherd.

Dear to the feeling heart——in doubt to win
The vacant wanderer, midst th' unceaſing din
Of this hoarſe rout; I ſeized at length the wand;
Reſolved, tho' ſmall my ſkill, tho' weak my hand,
The miſchief in its progreſs to arreſt,
And exorciſe the ſoil of ſuch a peſt.
Hence! in the name——I ſcarce had ſpoke, when lo!
Reams of outrageous ſonnets*, thick as ſnow,

Sing then, ſaid he to the ſilent ſongſtreſs, one lovely evening in the ſpring, ſing then, ſweet nightingale! Alas! ſaid the nightingale, the frogs croak ſo loud, that I have loſt all deſire to ſing: doſt thou not hear them? I do, indeed, replied the ſhepherd—but thy ſilence alone is the cauſe of it.

" There's comfort yet!"

* Reams of outrageous ſonnets. Of theſe I have collected a very reaſonable quantity, which I purpoſe

Flew round my head ; yet, in my cauſe ſecure
" Pour on," I cried, " pour on, I will endure."—

NOTES.

to prefix to ſome future edition of the Mæviad, under the true claſſic head of

INSIGNIUM VIRORUM
ALIQUOT TESTIMONIA
QUI
BAV : ET MÆV : INCLYTISS : AUCTORIS
MEMINERUNT.

Meanwhile I ſhall preſent the reader with the two firſt that occur, as a ſpecimen of the collection.

SONNET I.

" To the anonymous author of the Baviad, occaſioned by his ſcurrilous, and moſt unmerited attack on Mr. Weſton.

DEMON OF DARKNESS ! whoſoe'er thou art,
That dar'ſt aſſume the brighter angel's form,
And o'er the peaceful vale impel the ſtorm,
With many a ſigh to rend the *honeſt* heart,

What! ſhall I ſhrink, becauſe the noble
train
Whoſe judgement I impugn, whoſe taſte arraign,

NOTES.

Force from th' *unconſcious* eye the tear to ſtart,
And with juſt *pride* th' indignant boſom warm;
Avaunt! to where unnumber'd ſpirits ſwarm,
Foul and malignant as thyſelf, depart.
Genius of Pope deſcend, ye ſervile crew
Of imitators vile, intrude not!!! I appeal
To thee, and thee alone from outrage baſe,
Tell me tho' fair the forms his fancy drew,
Should'ſt thou the ſecrets of his heart reveal,
Would fame his memory crown, or cover with diſ-
grace."

J. M.
Gent. Mag. Aug. 1792.

This poor driveller, who is ſtupid enough to be Weſton's admirer, and malignant enough to be his friend, I take to be one Morley;* whom I now and

* I was right. Mr. Morley, who I underſtand is a clergy-man, and who, like Mr. Parſons, exults in the idea of having

Alive, and trembling for their favourites' fate,
Purſue my verſe, with unrelenting hate!

NOTES.

then obſerve in the Gent. Mag. uſhering his great

---

firſt attacked me, has ſince publiſhed a "TALE," the wit, or rather dullneſs of which, if I recollect right, conſiſts in my being diſappointed of a Living!

Here follow a few of the introductory lines which for poetry and pleaſantry can only be exceeded by ſome of Mr. Parſon's.

"What if a little once I did abuſe thee?
"Worſe than thou hadſt deſerved I could not uſe thee.
"For when I ſpied thy Satyr's cloven foot,
"'Tis very true, I took thee for a brute;
"And marking more attentively thy manners,
"I ſince have wiſhed thy hide were at the tanner's.
"But if a man thou art, as ſome ſuppoſe,
"Oh! how my fingers itch to pull thy noſe!
"As pleaſed as Punch, I'd hold it in my gripe,
"Till Parkinſon had ſtuffed thee for a ſnipe!!!

It is rather ſingular that this ſtill-born lump of inſipidity ſhould be introduced to the Bookſeller under the auſpices of DOCTOR PARR. If that reſpectable name was not abuſed

No:——ſave me from their PRAISE, and I can ſit
Calm, unconcerned, the butt of Andrew's wit,
And Topham's ſenſe; perverſely gay, can ſmile
While Eſte, the zany, in his motley ſtyle,

NOTES.

prototype's doggrel into notice, with an importance truly worthy of it.

SONNET II.

To the execrable Baviad.

MONSTER OF TURPITUDE! who ſeem'ſt inclined
Through me to pierce with thy *impregnate* dart,

---

on the occaſion, I can only ſay that politics, like miſery, "bring a man acquainted with ſtrange bedfellows"!

For the reſt, I will preſent Mr. Morley with a couple of lines, which, if he will get conſtrued and ſeriouſly reflect upon, before he next puts pen to paper, may be of more ſervice to him, than all the inſtruction, and all the encouragement, the Doctor, apparently, ever gave him:

Cur ego laborem notus eſſe tam pravè
Cum ſtare gratis cum ſilentio poſſim!

Calls barbarous names; while Bell and Boaden rave,
And Vaughan, a brother blockhead's verſe to ſave,

IMITATIONS.

V. 283—288. Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut crucier, quod
Vellicet abſentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermoginis lædat conviva Tigelli?

NOTES.

The *fine-ſpun* NERVE of each *full boſom'd* mind,*
And rock in *apathy*—the SENSIVE heart,
TREMBLE! for lo! MY ORACLE——*ſo famed*
Shall RING each morn in thy ACCURSED ear
A *griding* pang! ſo——when the GRECIAN MARE†
Enter'd the *town*, old Pyramus exclaim'd

---

* Quere full-bottom'd? Printer's Devil.

† Grecian MARE. This has been *hitherto*, inaccurately enough, named the Trojan HORSE; and, indeed, I myſelf had nearly fallen into the unſcholarlike error, when my

Toils day by day my character to draw,
And heaps upon me every thing—but law.

NOTES.

I ſee! I ſee!——and *hurl'd* his LIGHTNING ſpear,
While Capaneus drew back HIS head—for fear,
And *godlike** Alexander——gazing round,
Unconſcious of his victories—TO COME,
Approach'd the monarch, and with *ſobs* profound
Explain'd th' *impending* wrath o'er Ilium's royal dome.

J. Bell.

---

learned friend Greathead convinced me (from Pope's emendations of Virgil, under the fantaſtic name of Scriblerus) that the animal in queſtion was a MARE——She being *there* ſaid to be fœta armis, armed with a fœtus. Let us hear no more, therefore of the Trojan HORSE.

The patronymick TROJAN is ſtill more abſurd. Homer expreſsly declares the Mare to have been produced by Pallas—Palladis arte: now Pallas was a GRECIAN Goddeſs, as is ſufficiently manifeſt from her name, which is derived from Παλλω vibro.

J. Bell.

* Godlike; that is, θεοειδης, from θεο, God, and ειδης, like. (Vide Hom.) Tranſlators in general (I except a late

But do I then, (abjuring every aim)
All cenſure ſlight, and all applauſe diſclaim?
Not ſo: where judgment holds the rod, I bow
My humbled neck, awed by her angry brow;
Where taſte and ſenſe approve, I feel a joy
Dear to my heart, and mixed with no alloy.
I write not to the modiſh herd: my days,
Spent in the tranquil ſhades of letter'd eaſe,
Aſk no admiring stare from thoſe I meet,
No loud "that's HE!" to make their paſſage ſweet.

NOTES.

one) are too inattentive to the compound epithets of this great poet. By why does Homer call Alexander Godlike, when he appears from Curtius Quintiuſes tedious gazette, in verſe, to have had one ſhoulder higher than the other? My friend V—— thinks it was purely to pay his court to him, in hopes of getting into his Will, or rather *into his* MISTRESSES. It may be ſo; but 'tis ſtrange the abſurdity was never noticed before.

Pleaſed to ſteal ſoftly by, unmarked, unknown,
I leave the world to Holcroft, Pratt *, and
Vaughan.

NOTES.

* PRATT. This gentleman lately put in practice a very notable ſcheme. Having ſcribbled himſelf fairly out of notice, he found it expedient to retire to the continent for a few months—to provoke the enquiries of Mr. Lane's indefatigable readers.

Mark the ingratitude of the creatures! No enquiries were made, and Mr. Pratt was forgotten before he had croſſed the channel. Ibi omnis effuſus labor.—But what!

The mouſe that is content with one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.

Baffled in this expedient, he had recourſe to another, and, while we were dreaming of nothing leſs, came before us in the following paragraph.

" A few days ſince died, at Baſle in Swiſſerland, the ingenious Mr. Pratt. His loſs will be ſeverely felt by the literary world; as he joined to the accompliſhments of the gentleman the erudition of the ſcholar."

Of theſe enough. Yet may the few I love,
For who would ſing in vain! my verſe approve;
Chief thou, my friend! who, from my earliest years,
Haſt ſhared my joys, and more than ſhared my cares.

IMITATIONS.

V. 300. —— probat hæc Octavius, optimus atque
Fuſcus: & hæc utinam Viſcorum laudet uterque!

NOTES.

This was inſerted in the London papers for ſeveral days ſucceſſively. The country papers too "yelled out like ſyllables of dolour." At length, while our eyes were yet wet for the irreparable loſs we had ſuſtained, came a ſecond paragraph as follows.

Sure, if our fates hang on ſome hidden Power,
And take their colour from the natal hour,
Then, IRELAND*! the ſame planet on us roſe;
Such the ſtrong ſympathies our lives diſcloſe!

NOTES.

" As no event of late has cauſed a more general ſorrow than the ſuppoſed death of the ingenious Mr. Pratt; we are happy to have it in our power to aſſure his numerous admirers, that he is as well as they can wiſh, and (what they will be delighted to hear) buſied in preparing his TRAVELS for the preſs."

" Laud we the Gods!"

* Here, on account of its connection with the perſon mentioned in the text, I ſhall take the liberty—extremum hunc mihi concede—of inſerting the following " Imitation," addreſſed to him ſeveral years ſince. It was never printed: nor, as far as I know, ſeen by any but himſelf: and I tranſcribe it for the preſs, with mingled ſenſations of gratitude and delight, at the favourable change of circumſtances we have BOTH experienced ſince it was written.

Thou knowest how ſoon we felt this influence
bland,
And ſought the brook and coppice hand in hand,

NOTES.

TO THE
REV. JOHN IRELAND.*

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat, &c.

When howling winds, and louring ſkies,
The light, untimber'd bark ſurpriſe
Near Orkney's boiſterous ſeas;
The trembling crew forget to ſwear,
And bend the knees, unuſed to prayer,
To aſk a little eaſe.

For eaſe the Turk, ferocious, prays,
For eaſe the barbarous Ruſſe——for eaſe,
Which P——k could ne'er obtain;
Which Bedford lack'd amidſt his ſtore,
And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
Oft bade for—but in vain.

* Now Vicar of Croydon in Surry, and Author of "*Diſcourſes on the Rejection of the Goſpel by the Antient Jews and Greeks.*"

And ſhaped rude bows, and uncouth whistles
blew,
And paper kites (a last, great effort,) flew; 310

NOTES.

For not the liveried troop that wait
Around the manſions of the great,
Can keep, my friend, aloof;
Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
And Care, that like a raven flits
Around the lordly roof.

"O, well is he" to whom kind heaven
A decent competence has given!
Rich in the bleſſing ſent;
He graſps not anxiouſly at more,
Dreads not to uſe his little ſtore,
And fattens on content.

"O well is he!" for life is loſt,
Amidſt a whirl of paſſions toſt;
Then why, dear Jack, ſhould man,
Magnanimous Ephemera! ſtretch
His views beyond the narrow reach
Of his contracted ſpan!

Why ſhould he from his country run,
In hopes, beneath a foreign ſun,

And when the day was done, retired to rest,
Sleep on our eyes, and ſunſhine in our breast.

NOTES.

Serener hours to find?
Was never man in this wild chace,
Who changed his nature with his place,
And left himſelf behind.

For, winged with all the lightning's ſpeed,
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the ſteed,
An inmate of the breaſt:
Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold,
Can drive from that pernicious hold,
The too-tenacious gueſt.

They, whom no anxious thoughts annoy,
Grateful, the *preſent* hour enjoy,
Nor ſeek the *next* to know;
To lighten every ill they ſtrive,
Nor, ere Misfortune's hand arrive,
Anticipate the blow.

Something muſt ever be amiſs——
Man has HIS JOYS; but perfect bliſs

In riper years, again together thrown,
Our studies, as our ſports before, were one.

NOTES.

Lives only in the brain:
We cannot all have all we want;
And Chance, unaſked, to THIS may grant
What THAT has begg'd in vain.

WOLF ruſhed on death in manhood's bloom,
PAULET crept ſlowly to the tomb;
Here breath, *there* fame was given:
And that wiſe Power who weighs our lives,
By *contras*, and by *pros*,* contrives
To keep the balance even.

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* In the earlier editions of this poem (which were printed during my abſence from town) there was an enormous hallucination in this place—no leſs than a tranſpoſition of an R I This very naturally called forth all the indignation of the lynx-eyed and learned Mr. Parſons, and he commented upon it in the following terms.

"It would be endleſs to notice all the errors of this "preſumptuous pedant, whoſe dullneſs is equal to his "impudence, his falſhood and malignity; and before he

Together we explored the stoic page
Of the Ligurian, stern tho' beardleſs ſage!

NOTES.

To THEE ſhe gave two piercing eyes,
A body——juſt of Tydeus' ſize.
A judgment ſound, and clear;
A mind with various ſcience fraught,
A liberal ſoul, a thread bare coat,
And forty pounds a year.

" makes a parade of greek quotations againſt ſuch a writer " as Edwin *, he ſhould at leaſt learn latin; but in this " every merchant's clerk will deteſt him."

* Our Ariſtarchus is at " his old lunes," blundering again. The only quotation I have made againſt Edwin (to uſe Mr. Parſons's elegant phraſe) is a latin, and not a greek one—but 'tis loſs of time to talk to ſuch naturals of quotations. The moroſoph Eſte (Telegraph, April 28) announced an Ode of Horace's as a compoſition of Mr. Parſons's, and Parſons himſelf undoubtedly miſtook the verſe alluded to, for a proſe exclamation of my own!

Or traced the Aquinian thro' the Latine road,
And trembled at the laſhes he bestowed.
Together too, when Greece unlocked her stores,
We roved in thought o'er Troy's devoted
ſhores;
Or followed, while he ſought his native ſoil,
" That old man eloquent" from toil to toil;
Lingering with good Alcinoüs o'er the tale,
Till the east reddened, and the stars grew pale.

NOTES.

To ME one eye not over good,
Two ſides, that, to their coſt, have ſtood
A ten years hectic cough;
Aches, ſtitches, all the numerous ills
That ſwell the deviliſh doctor's bills,
And ſweep poor mortals off.

A coat more bare than thine, a ſoul
That ſpurns the croud's malign controul;
A fixed contempt of wrong;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And ſkill to charm the lonely hour
With no inglorious ſong.

So past our life; till fate, ſeverely kind,
Tore us apart, and land and ſea disjoined,
For many a year: now met, to part no more,
The aſcendant Power, confeſſed ſo ſtrong of yore,
Stronger by abſence, every thought controuls,
And knits in perfect unity our ſouls.

O IRELAND! if the verſe that thus eſſays
To trace our lives "e'en from our boyiſh days,"
Meet thy applauſe: the world beſide may rail—
I care not——at the unintereſting tale:
I only ſeek, in language void of art,
To ope my breaſt, and pour out all my heart;
And boaſtful of thy various worth, to tell,
How long we lov'd, and thou canſt add, HOW WELL!

Thou too, MY HOPPNER! if my wiſh availed,
Should'ſt praiſe the ſtrain that but for thee had failed:
Thou knowest, when Indolence poſſeſſed me all,
How oft I rouzed at thy inſpiring call;

Burſt from the Syren's faſcinating power,
And gave the Muſe thou loveſt, one studious hour.
Proud of thy friendſhip, while the voice of fame
Purſues thy merits with a loud acclaim,
I ſhare the triumph—not unpleaſed to ſee
Our kindred destinies; for thou like me,
Waſt thrown too ſoon on the world's dangerous tide,
To ſink or ſwim, as chance might best decide.
Me, all too weak to gain the distant land,
The waves had whelmed, but that an outstretched hand
Kindly upheld, when now with fear unnerved—
And still protects the life it then preſerved.
Thee, powers untried, perhaps unfelt before,
Enabled, tho' with pain, to reach the ſhore,

While WEST stood by, the doubtful strife to view,
Nor lent a friendly arm to help thee through.
Nor ceased the labour there: Hate, ill-suppress,
Advantage took of thy ingenuous breast,
Where saving wisdom yet had plac'd no screen,
But every word, and every thought was seen,
To darken all thy life——'Tis past: more bright
Thro' the disparting gloom thou strikest the sight;
While baffled malice hastes thy powers to own,
And wonders at the worth so long unknown.
I too, whose voice no claims but truth's e'er moved,
Who long have seen thy merits, long have loved,
Yet loved in silence, lest the rout should say
Too partial friendship tuned th' applausive lay;

Now, now that all conſpire thy name to raiſe,
May join the ſhout of unſuſpected praiſe.
Go then, ſince the long ſtruggle now is o'er,
And envy can obſtruct thy fame no more;
With ardent hand thy magic toil purſue,
And pour freſh wonders on our raptured view.
One SUN is ſet, one GLORIOUS SUN; whoſe rays
Long gladdened Britain with no common blaze:
O, may'ſt THOU ſoon (for clouds begin to riſe)
Aſſert his ſtation in the eastern ſkies,
Glow with his fires, and give the world to ſee
Another REYNOLDS riſen, MY FRIEND, in THEE!
But whither roves the Muſe? I but deſigned
To note the few whoſe praiſe delights my mind;
But friendſhip's power has drawn the verſe astray,
Wide from its aim, a long, but flowery way.
Yet one remains, ONE NAME for ever dear,
With whom, converſing many a happy year,

I marked with ſecret joy the opening bloom
Of Virtue, preſcient of the fruits to come,
Truth, honour, rectitude——O while thy breast,
My BELGRAVE! of its every wiſh poſſeſt,
Swells with its recent tranſports, recent fears,
And tenderest titles strike, yet charm thy ears,
Say, wilt thou from thy feelings pauſe awhile,
To view my humble labours with a ſmile?
Thou wilt: for still 'tis thy delight to praiſe,
And still thy fond applauſe has crowned my lays.
Here then I rest; ſoothed with the hope to prove
The approbation of "the few I love,"
Joined (for ambitious thoughts will ſometimes riſe)
Joined to th' endurance of the good and wiſe.
Thus happy—I can leave with tranquil breast
Faſhion's loud praiſe to Laura and the rest,
Who rhyme and rattle, innocent of thought,
Nor know that nothing can proceed from nought.

Thus happy,—I can view unruffled, Miles,
Twiſt into ſplay-foot doggrel all St. Giles.
Edwin ſpin paragraphs with Vaughan's whole ſkill,
Eſte rapt in nonſenſe, gnaw his grey-gooſe quill,
Merry in dithyrambics wail his wrongs,
And Weſton, foaming from Pope's odious ſongs,
" Much-injured Weſton," vent in odes his grief,
And fly to Urban for a ſhort relief.

IMITATIONS.

V. 410. Complures alios, doctos ego quos—
Prudens prætereo: quibus hæc ſint qualiacunque
Arridere velim; doliturus, ſi placeant ſpe
Deteriùs noſtra. Demetri teque Tigelli,
Diſcipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

FINIS.

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